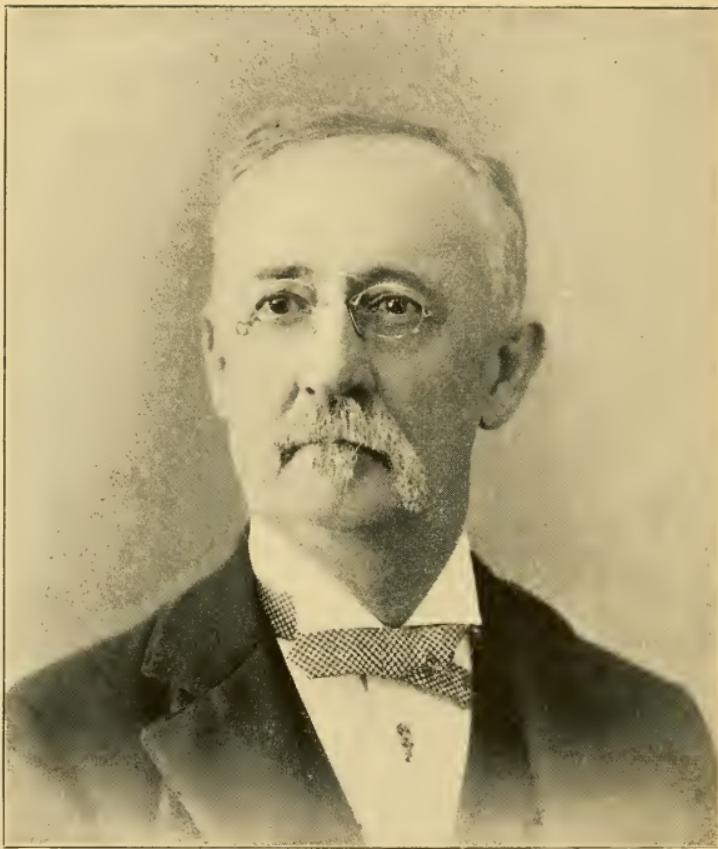


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Truly Yours
W. S. Hays

POEMS AND SONGS

BY

WILL S. HAYS.

11



LOUISVILLE, KY.:
CHAS. T. DEARING.

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PS 1909

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BY ROBERT ROWELL,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

TO MY FRIENDS.

If I have done wrong in publishing this book,
forgive me.

Yours truly,

WILL S. HAYS.

DEDICATION.

IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO DEDICATE THIS LITTLE
VOLUME TO MY FRIEND,
W. N. HALDEMAN, Esq.

I have two Friends I dearly love,
With fond affection true;
One dwells in Heaven, one on earth—
One God, the other you.

And when you go to God's great gate,
As you will surely do,
May angels with their sweetest songs
Be there to welcome you.

For you have been a friend to me—
The best I ever knew,
And in my heart there is a place
Of tender love for you.

As down toward the door of Death
My journey I pursue,
I'll never, never cease to think
Of such a friend as you.

May God among His matchless crowns,
Select the choicest two;
Save one for me, and then reserve
The brightest one for you.

THE AUTHOR.

POEMS AND SONGS.

HIS LAST TRIP.

“I never passed a hail.”

LATE CAPT. J. M. WHITE.

“Mate, get ready down on deck,
I’m heading for the shore;
I’ll ring the bell, for I must land
This boat for evermore.

“Say, pilot, can you see that light—
I do—where angels stand?
Well, hold her jackstaff hard on that,
For there I’m going to land.

“That looks like Death that’s hailing me;
So ghastly, grim and pale;
I’ll toll the bell—I must go in;
I never passed a hail.

“Stop her! Let her come in slow;
There! That will do—no more.
The lines are fast, and angels wait
To welcome me ashore.

“Say, pilot, I am going with them
Up yonder through that gate;
I’ll not come back—you ring the bell
And back her out—don’t wait.

“For I have made the trip of life,
And found my landing place;
I’ll take my soul and anchor that
Fast to the Throne of Grace.”

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HULDY HAWKINS’ BALL.

C’rismus Eve Miss Huldy Hawkins
Saunt aroun’ fo’ all she knowed;
Gib er party in her cabin,
Fo’ miles down de Cane Run road.
Arter eatin’ cum de dancin’,
Fiddle played by “Big-foot Anse;”
Nebber seed as many niggahs
On one flo’ ter hab er dance.
Ole Jeems Dawson call de figgers,
“Swing yo’ cornahs—balance all,”
Eberybody dar wuz happy
Down at Huldy Hawkins’ ball.

Arter ’while sum city niggahs,
Full ob debilment an’ gin,
Went down dar, but had no money,
Course dey wan’t invited in.
Cos’ each “coon” a half a dollah
Fo’ ter git in on de flo’;
Dem dat didn’t hab de money
Had ter stan’ outside de do’.

* Den dem coons all club togedder
 W'en dey hearn Bill Benson call,
 "Boys, ef we kain't do no dancin',
 W'at yer say, les' bus' de ball."

Den a lin' went froo de winder,
 An' de man dat 'tended do'
 He got hacked up wid er razah,
 Fell head fus' upon de flo'.
 In dem city coons went rushin',
 Full o' whiskey, huntin' fight,
 Bill Magruder shot de fiddler,
 Odders shootin' at de light.
 Kentry niggahs went froo winders,
 Wimmin faint, an' den dey'd fall,
 Look like hell broke loose fo' sartin
 Down at Huldy Hawkins' ball.

Sum wuz shootin' at de can'les,
 Sum shuck razahs in de a'r,
 Cuttin', hittin', yellin', cussin',
 Huggin, all de gals in dar.
 Things wuz lively w'ile dey lasted,
 Huldy yellin' "Murder!" fas',
 'Til dem coons struck fo' de city,
 Peace had follered wah at last.
 Sum wuz groanin', sum wuz cryin',
 Den de ceilin' 'gun ter fall
 On de fainted, skeered an' wounded,
 Down at Huldy Hawkins' ball.

Huldy lit er piece ob can'le,
Looked into dat cabin do',
Ten or fo'teen kentry niggahs
 Laid out bleedin' on de flo';
Sum wuz skeered an' playin' 'possum,
 Wimmin rolled up in dar close,
Sum had ears slit up wid razahs,
 Odders busted in de nose.
Nebber wuz dar sitch a gedderin',
 Nebber sitch a sudden squall
Hit a crowd ez struck dem niggahs
 Down at Huldy Hawkins' ball.

BETTY AND THE BABY.

My home seems deserted; I'm lonely and sad.
I miss all the pleasures of home I once had.
I try to be cheerful, I fail to be glad,
Since Betty left home with the baby.

I sit 'round the rooms, and I read, then I write,
I whistle and sing, but the only delight
That is mine is to joyfully dream every night
Of Betty, who's gone with the baby.

It seems that a mother's sweet face I can see,
As I dandle the baby in joy on my knee;
But no man was ever more lonesome than me,
Since Betty's been gone with the baby.

The house is a picture of silence and gloom,
As I walk through its halls that are still as a tomb,
Like a crazy man, silently searching each room
For Betty, who's gone with the baby.

She has "gone to see Ma"—and it's many a mile—
Every day that she stays seems a terrible while,
And I'll never be happy or able to smile
Until Betty comes home with the baby.

'Twill be joy to my heart when the message will come
That the "hen and chicken" no longer will roam.
Gee! won't this "old rooster" crow loudly at home
When Betty gets back with the baby?

SWEET CHARITY.

"Faith, Hope, Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is
Charity."

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

Thou messenger of God, I welcome thee
With eager out-stretched arms and cry
For sweetest joy to see thy Angel face,
For I am sick and starving—left to die.
I asked for bread, but I received a stone,
I begged for pity, they had none to give,
I prayed to God for help to come from Him,
And He sent thee to me that I might live—
O! Charity! Sweet Charity!

When sickness held me prisoner in bed,
And Desolation clothed in robes of gloom,
Hung on the arm of Sorrow and they came
To visit Hunger in a fireless room,
I looked for Death at every hour to come
And lock me in its chilly close embrace,
And in my poverty I prayed to God,
Then looking up, I saw thy Angel face—

O! Charity! Sweet Charity!

O! Woman! Woman! child of Charity!
Thy gentle heart and hand, thy loving voice,
Hath helped the poor and needy and the sick,
And made so many sad hearts to rejoice,
God bless thee! for the noble, Christian work—
The work which He hath chosen thee to do,
And what thou doest for the suffering poor,
He'll do as much, some day, yes, more, for you—

O! Charity! Sweet Charity!

GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.

Beautiful child, with golden hair,
Sweet little girl, so young, so fair,
With your smiling face and your eyes so blue,
Say, "Whose little girl are you?"

A lovelier child was never born,
She was going to Sunday-school that morn.
When I asked, "Whose little girl are you?"
She said: "I'm Dod's 'ittle dirl—'at's 'oo."

DON'T FORGET ME.

TO SADIE DOERHOFER.

We've met and parted, you and I,
And Friendship's bond forever
Is now united by Love's ties,
Which nought but Death can sever,
And though we never meet again,
And sorrows may beset me,
On land or sea, no matter where—
Sadie, don't forget me.

In floating down Life's happy stream,
Enjoying pleasant hours,
Its banks embalmed in sunny smiles
And decked with lovely flowers,
We part as friends upon the shore—
You glad that you had met me,
And I as sad we had to part—
Sadie, don't forget me.

Farewell! Sweet girl! We may not meet
This side of Heaven above you,
And until we shall meet again
I'll think of you, and love you;
No sorrows, grief or tears can come,
No ills of life beset me,
If you'll love me as I love you—
So, Sadie, don't forget me.

OLD HAYSEED TO HIS SON SI.

Yer mother's gone to meetin', Si,
It fills my heart with joy
Ter look into yer face an' think
 Of when I wuz a boy.
How times an' things have changed since then;
 How quick my memory flies
Way-back ter days of boyhood, Si,
 W'en I wuz 'bout your size.

We lived across the medder, Si,
 On top o' Squirrel Hill,
That overlooked the shady crick,
 Which run old Dawson's mill.
I've run bar'footed down that lane,
 Just as the sun 'ould rise,
An' go ter school an' back ag'in,
 W'en I wuz 'bout your size.

I had a sweetheart in that school,
 Who made my young heart glad;
She wuz the only sweetheart, Si,
 Yer father ever had.
He's got her yet—you've kissed her, Si,
 An' smiled into her eyes,
An' she's the mother of a boy
 That's just about your size.

Thar are two graves—you've seen 'em, Si,
 Whar oft I go ter weep;
My mother an' my father, both,
 In death together sleep.

Thar Christian souls are now with God,
Thar home's beyond the skies;
They left me, Si, an orphan boy
W'en I wuz 'bout your size.

I lived with old man Abr'am Gibbs—
A good old man wuz he;
His wife, Samantha, acted like
A mother to'ards me.
They larnt me how ter read an' write,
Ter kneel an' close my eyes,
An' say the Lord's pra'r every night,
W'en I wuz 'bout your size.

I used ter work upon his farm,
Chop wood, an' plow an' hoe,
An' when Sunday mornin' came
Ter meetin' I did go.
'Twuz thar I larned to worship God—
The ways of sin despise,
An' sow the seeds of manhood, Si,
W'en I wuz 'bout your size.

Then Marthy—that's yer mother, Si,
An' me hitched up fer life;
An' she has always been ter me
A faithful Christian wife.
I bear the same love for her now
As when the tender ties
Once bound her lovin' heart ter mine,
W'en I wuz 'bout your size.

Thar cumz yer mother—bless her heart!
When her sweet face I see
I think she is an angel, Si,
For she loves you an' me.
Let's read the Bible, then let's pray,
And ask the Great All-Wise
Ter save er crown fer her an' me
An' one about your size.

BOB REILLY.

Respectfully inscribed to the memory of a man, whom to know
was to honor, love and respect,

CAPT. ROBT. T. REILLY.

It's weak, Cap', I know, ter be weepin',
But I've just hearn a telegram read,
An' a man with a heart made of iron
Would weaken ter know Bob wuz dead.
You didn't know Bob Reilly, did yer,
Who wuz clerk on the river for years?
Well, I'm satisfied now that yer didn't,
Or yer eyes 'ould be swimmin' in tears.

Big hearted Bob—that wuz Reilly—
The longer I knowed him, the more
I liked him, because in his bosom
Thar wuz always a place for the poor.

We've steamboated of'en together,
An' for many a poor man have I
Seed Bob of'en dive for his pocket,
An' gladden his heart on the sly.

Bob's heart wuz ez big ez a lion's,
Ez tender ez woman's, but brave;
An' the form of a man of more honor
Has never been put in the grave;
An' thar's many a widder an' orphan,
On charity used ter depend,
That'll weep like thar hearts wuz a breakin'
When they know that they've lost such a friend.

May the angels of Heaven assemble,
An' sing thar sweet songs ez they wait
Ter welcome the soul o' Bob Reilly
Through the bright an' the beautiful gate
That leads all such men home ter glory;
An' the shadows o' death never dim
The path ter the Throne whar our Father
Sits waitin' ter crown sech ez him.

God bless his good wife, an' his daughter!
Bowed down in thar sorrer an' care;
They have lost a kind husband an' father,
Be with 'em, O, God! iz my pra'r;
May they live, that when Death bids 'em follow,
An' thar souls put thar white wings on,
To wing thar glad flight,
Out of darkness ter light,
Whar the soul of Bob Reilly has gone.

THE PARLOR PET.

She could play on the piano,
She could sing and dance and flirt,
But she couldn't sew a button
On her poor old daddy's shirt.

She could lounge upon a sofa,
She could read all day a book,
But she couldn't help her mother
In the kitchen, wash or cook.

And the dudes would flock about her,
For they thought that she was rich,
While her mamma darned her stockings,
For she couldn't darn a stitch.

When the dudes found out her "daddy"
Was too poor to keep a dog,
Then they scooted off like turtles
When they're 'sliding from a log.

Now, that sweet girl's growing ancient,
She's alone and sad to-day;
She was highly educated,
She was raised to live that way.

She was most too ornamental
For some honest fellow's wife,
And they spoiled a good housekeeper
And a healthy cook for life.

All these butterflies of fashion
Live a little while and die;
When their "daddies" "kick the bucket"
Then they get too poor to fly.

When the parlor pets have vanished,
Having wasted useful lives,
There'll be lots of honest fellows
Getting solid girls for wives.

So, young lady, help your mother,
And assist your father, too,
Don't you let the whims of fashion
Make a parlor pet of you.
Learn to cook and wash and iron,
Keep a house and make a bed,
And you'll have a home and husband
When the "parlor pets" are dead.

GO! I FORGIVE YOU.

O! go, but let me say, farewell,
Be what you may, go where you will,
Though hope lies buried in my breast,
Though false to me, I love you still.
Good-bye! God bless you! is my pray'r,
Forever you and I must part,
Though I forgive you, false one, go,
You've wreck'd my life, and crush'd my heart,
Yes! I forgive you, false one, go,
You've wreck'd my life, you've crush'd my heart.

O! traitor go, and never look
With smiles upon my face again,
Unless you wish to mock my grief,
And still add anguish to my pain.

Go, take the heart I thought was mine,
Since you've been false, I'll set it free,
I only ask that you will send
The shatter'd wreck of mine to me,
I only ask that you will send
The shatter'd wreck of mine to me.

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THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

“The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.”

The cold, bitter winds of a merciless winter
Are chasing the snowflakes about on the air,
While Poverty walks through the streets of the city
And knocks at the doors of the homes of Despair.
The curtains of sorrow, like mantles of mourning,
Are lazily hanging o'er homes of the poor,
While many a shivering soul sits and listens
In sadness and tears to the wolf at the door.

Who knows but the light of a flickering candle
Reveals the pale face of some sick child in bed,
And the shivering form of a poor mother watching
Its beautiful face through the tears she may shed?
She thinks not of hunger, nor sad desolation,
Nor pleasures of life she may see nevermore,
But she looks in that face, as she weeps, sighs and listens
With sorrowful heart to the wolf at the door.

An old man is starving, his aged form trembles,
The widow and orphan now suffer from cold,
The poor and the needy, the sick and the hungry,
All over the city—the young and the old.

The husband is willing, but can't find employment—
Such times as we're having were ne'er seen before,
And in this great city of ours are hundreds
Who listen in grief to the wolf at the door.

Ah! You who are blessed with good homes and are happy,
Be liberal, kind, to your poor fellow-man;
"Remember the poor, whom ye have with ye always,"
And no matter how little, but give what you can.
You may gladden some heart, you may make some home
happy
By giving some part of your bountiful store,
And God and the angels in Heaven will bless you—
So help drive the merciless wolf from the door.

OLD SI'S CHRISTMAS EVE AT HOME.

Old Kris Kingle am er comin',
Chil'en dis am Chris'mus eve,
W'en you heah his ho'n a-blowin'
Den it's time fo' you ter leave;
Hang yo' socks up to de mantel,
Kaze Old Kris am gwine ter call,
W'en you wake up in de mawnin'—
He dun been heah—filled 'em all.

Jeems Josiah, quit yo' noddin',
 Clime up-stars an' go ter bed,
 Shut yo' eyes, an' don't play 'possum,
 Lay dar same ez you wuz dead;
 Ann Mariar, go wid Ab'am,
 You an' him go to yo' room;
 Amos, jump—heah cums yo' mudder,
 Fo' she wa'ms you wid dat broom.

And'son light dat taller can'le,
 Time fo' you ter be asleep,
 Kiver up yo' head dar, Jason,
 Don't you make a dah ter peep;
 Huldy, take yo' sistah Pheby
 Up dem steps an' go ter bed—
 Ef dem goats of Kris's sees yer
 Dey'll git skeered an' smash de sled.

All you chil'n mus' be sleepin'
 In yo' beds ez soun' ez rocks,
 Ef yer don't Old Kris 'll leave yer
 Weepin' ober empty socks.
 Git up airy in de mawnin',
 Soon's de roosters crow fo' light,
 An' Old Kris'll let you find out
 W'at he lef' yer in de night.

Cum on, Mammy, stuff dem stockin's,
 All de chill'n am ersleep,
 Fill 'em full ob toys an' candy,
 Fo' dey all wake up an' peep;

Den you hang up yourn among 'em,
 Go ter bed, lay dar an' dream
 Ob a big, fat 'possum in it,
 Stuffed wid taters cooked in cream.

THE MOON IS OUT TO-NIGHT, LOVE.

The moon is out to-night, love, floating thro' the sky,
 Little stars are laughing as she passes by;
 All the little songsters sing a merry tune—
 Happy as they can be singing to the moon.
 Clouds with silver lining waiting in the sky,
 For the moon to pass them, Kitty, so am I,
 For I've come to meet you, with a happy smile,
 To tell you how I love you, sitting on the stile.

CHORUS—

The moon is out to-night, love, meet me with a smile;
 I've something sweet to tell you, sitting on the stile;
 Kiss me when you meet me, Kitty of the glen,
 And when I go to leave you, I'll give it back again.

The moon is out to-night, love, all the roses blush
 When the gentle night winds tell the birds to hush,
 For I want to listen for a merry voice
 Whose every note is music and makes my heart rejoice.
 Kitty, I am watching, to see if I can see
 Some one like a fairy coming towards me;
 Ah, the little angel coming once again,
 I've a kiss of true love for Kitty of the glen.

INSURED.

The deep, dark shadows of the night had veiled the stars
and moon,

The storm-king made the nightingale forget to sing his
tune;

The silent owl sat on a limb that swayed him to and fro,
The thunders crashed, the lightnings flashed, and angry
winds did blow.

All nature seemed demoralized—kissed by the storm-king's
breath,

'Twas such a night of trembling fear as put a smile on
Death;

For with his reaper he went forth and cut his victims down,
And, gathering up his harvest, found old Uncle Caleb
Brown.

Upon the hillside near a spring and thickly settled wood,
In front of which a garden grew, his old log cabin stood;
His old dog bowed his head and moaned as he looked in the
door,

Where Caleb sat and smoked his pipe for forty years or
more.

His good old wife, his children, too, stood weeping 'round
his bed,

Their hearts were full of sorrow, and the sad tears which
they shed

In mute and sorrowed silence told, as language never can,
How much they'd miss him and how much they loved the
good old man.

Next day sweet Nature put a smile upon her blushing face,
A little crowd of neighbors came—the burial took place.
Out in the garden near the spring, a spot he loved the best,
They bore the old man from his home to lay him there to rest.

The good old parson at the grave put on his silver specs,
And from his pocket drew a book, then from it read a text.
He preached a funeral sermon which, at almost every breath,
Meant as a warning to them all, “*In life prepare for death.*”

He said, “Good brudder Caleb, whom we’ve put beneaf
de sod,

Had big ensurance on his life, he tuck it f’om his God,
Who issued him de policy—not, ez is thought by some,
Insured his life on airth—O, no! but on de life ter cum.

“Dat policy am good ez long ez clouds ’neaf Hebbin roll;
Ole Caleb’s body warn’t insured, but God insured his soul.
An’ if you lib ez Caleb did, you’ll find, as he will do,
His policy’s paid up in full an’ gits de premium, too.

“So let us sing de partin’ hymn, ‘No wave ob trouble rolls,’
An’ arter dat let’s pray ter God dat He’ll insure our souls.
We’ll pay de premiums wid our faith, an’ do de bes’ we can,
Ter git insured—’g’inst gwan ter hell—on de salvation plan.”

He is resting from the labors of his long and useful life,
He is mourned by friends and children, and a good old
loving wife.

He was patient, hopeful, faithful, and the ills of life end-
ured,

And his epitaph is written: “Here lies Caleb Brown,—In-
sured.”

OLD FRIENDS.

We twa ha'e been gude, honest friends,
 For mony a year thegither,
 An' I ha'e always lo'ed ye true,
 Just like a man an' brither;
 We've seen life's winters come an' gae,
 An' simmers bring their flowers;
 The seasons ha'e their changes, Will,
 But hearts don't change like ours.

CHORUS— We twa ha'e been like brithers, Will,
 We lang ha'e lo'ed each ither,
 Sae let us hope that when we die,
 We'll gae to Heaven thegither.

Our faces, Will, are changed somewhat,
 Our forms begin tae tremble,
 Our hair is putting on its frost,
 Our legs are nae sae nimble.
 We are nae what we used to be,
 We'll never be, nae never,
 Aye! all may change, but hearts like ours
 Will be the same forever.

We gi'e the auld years for the new,
 Nor look for joy nor sorrow,
 We live as gude auld friends to-day,
 An' think nae of to-morrow.
 We'll hope tha' we maun hve to see
 Life's joys beyond a measure,
 Our future maun be as the past,
 Gude health, gude will, an' pleasure.

Auld friend, come put your han' in mine,
We'll fandly luve each ither;
We'll go on down the hill o' life,
As we ha'e come thegither.
We'll go the same auld beaten path,
That friends hae gane before us,
An' hope thè angels gude an' kind
Will guide us an' watch o'er us.

EVANGELINE.

Sweet Evangeline, my lost Evangeline,
We have lived, and loved each other fond and true;
Ever true to thee, tho' far away I've been,
My heart has ever dwelt with you.
But O, those happy days will ne'er return,
Those happy days that we have seen,
For I am left to weep alone,
My sweet Evangeline.

CHORUS—

Oh! how sad we've been, lost Evangeline,
Since we laid thee where the sweetest flowers wave,
And the angels bright, robed in spotless white,
Are watching o'er thy green and mossy grave.
Evangeline, Evangeline,
To the silent grave.

I am lonely now, my dear Evangeline,
 The days are long, the nights are sad and drear,
 And how changed, alas! each well remembered scene,
 Since you and I were sitting here.
 Alas! you nevermore will smile on me,
 And life is now a sad, sad dream,
 I lived to love none else but thee,
 My sweet Evangeline.

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—

“KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OB DE ROAD.”

I hear dem angels a callin' loud,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.
 Dey's a waitin' dar in a great big crowd,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.
 I see dem stand roun' de big white gate,
 We must trabble along 'fore we git too late,
 Fo' t'aint no use fo' to sit down and wait,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.

CHORUS—

Den, chil'ren, keep in de middle ob de road,
 Den, chil'ren, keep in de middle ob de road,
 Don't you look to de right, don't you look to de lef',
 But keep in de middle ob de road.

I ain't got time fo' to stop an' talk,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.
Kase de road am rough, an' its hard to walk,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.
I'll fix my eyes on de golden sta'r,
An' I'll keep on a gwine till I git dar,
Kase my head am bound fo' de crown to w'ar,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.

Come an' jine in de weary ban',
 Keep in de middle ob de road.
Kase we bound fo' home in de happy lan',
 Keep in de middle ob de road.
Turn your back on dis world ob sin,
Knock at de door an' dey'll let you in,
Kase you'll nebber git such a chance agin,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.

Dis world am full ob sinful things,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.
When de feet gits tired, put on de wings,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.
Ef you lay down on de road to die,
An' you watch dem angels in de sky,
You kin put on wings an' git up an' fly,
 Keep in de middle ob de road.

GOOD-BYE! BABY DARLING.

Put his playthings in the closet,
With the hat and shoes he wore,
For the little one who wore them
Will not wear them any more;
He has gone to live with angels,
Where they'll smile upon his face,
With the happy group of children
Gathered 'round the throne of grace.

CHORUS—

Good-bye, darling, how we miss you,
Mamma's pet, her pride and joy,
Heaven's sweetest blue-eyed angel,
Papa's little baby boy.

How I miss his bright eyes beaming,
And his curls of golden hair,
I shall never hear his footstep's
Playful patter on the stair;
Never more will I embrace him,
With sweet kisses on his brow,
Till we meet again in Heaven,
For my boy's an angel now.

When the evening shadows gather,
And I look to Heaven's dome,
Angels voices seem to tell me
That my little one's at home;

I can see his bright face smiling,
From a star he's peepin' through,
I can hear his sweet voice saying,
"Look up, Mamma, I see you."

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THE MODERN MEETIN' HOUSE.

Howdy, Davy! 'light an' hitch; thar's no one home but me;
Thar aint a man a livin', sir, I'd sooner like to see;
For Nance and Liddy's gone to see a sick man on the hill,
An' Hiram's gone to git his grist at Jason Turner's mill.

I was in town las' Sunday, and my heart an' me agreed
To go to meetin'—if you'll wait I'll tell you what I seed.
The bells wor tollin' lively on the balmy mornin' air,
An' folks wor in a hurry, like the rushin' to a fair.

The meetin' house was built ov stone, the steeple p'inted
high,
The winders they wor painted all the colors ov the sky;
An' runnin' up the steeple was a great long lightnin' rod—
I kinder thought the members lacked a *confidence in God*.

The big bell sorter hushed himself an' then hit rung some
more,
And people cum in carrides an' got out at the door;
The wimmin fixed thar dresses like they meant to make a
call,
Thar faces showed they warn't thinking ov *the'r souls at all*.

Wall, Davy, thar I stood an' thought—'twas wicked I suppose—

Some go to church to close thar eyes, an' some to eye thar close;

I overheard ole Missus Swell to Missus Stebbins say,
My darter Becky's *dress* wan't done—she *won't be here to-day.*

I stood thar hesitatin' like, what sort ov move to make;
I felt that I should go inside for *my salvation's sake*;
I started meekly in the house, I knew it wa'nt no harm,
With my ole *broad-brim* hat in han' an' *jeans coat* on my arm.

I went along, 'bout half-way up the velvet carpet ile,
The men an' wimmin *shut thar gates* an' they begin to smile;

I seed one open jest a bit; went in an' pulled it to,
When Brown, the banker, riz an' said, "*this ere's a rented pew.*"

I got out ov his rented pew an' set down near the door,
Expectin' for sum man ter say, "*this ere's a rented floor.*"
A fine dressed stranger—he cum in—the members didn't wait,

But every feller jumped at *him an' opened wide his gate.*

The parson riz an' raised his han's, with cold an' haughty air,

An' everybody in the house stood up an' heard his prayer;
I don't know how it is with *them*—somehow I always feel I'm doing God injustice when I git too proud to kneel.

Then all sot down an' stared about, then at the parson's face,

While he put on his specs, an' said, "Let's sing Amazin' Grace;"

An organ busted loose up sta'rs—the music hit was gay,
Hit tickled them as couldn't sing, an' them wot had to pay.

The music quit, the parson riz—they passed the hats 'roun' next,

An' when the deekins sot them down—the parson tuck his text;

He preached about two hours 'bout the Faith in God to keep;

The wimmin folks war noddin', while thar husbands war asleep.

One gal sed to another, "Hev you seed my bow to-day?"
She'd nod her hed an' then say back, "The party hit was gay;"

One whispered loud enough behind her fan fur me to hear;
"That bonnet Sofy Tag's got on is one she had last year."

The parson quit and then sot down—the orgin played ag'in;

I thought ef that was servin' God, the tunes they played was thin;

I've hearn the bands at circusses jest play the self same air;

The parson, when the orgin quit, dismissed 'em all with prayer.

Now, Davy, ef the angels seed what I did, I believe
Thar wan't a one among 'em all but what laffed in thar
 sleeve,
For God don't smile on Christians who His blessin's will
 abuse;
He hain't no use for orgins, an' He don't like rented pews.

He rings no bell to tell 'em that the Sabbath's come once
 more;
The angels have no carridges to drive up to His door;
Such Christians might as well look up to God, an sweetly
 smile,
An' say, "I send my soul, dear Lord; I'm comin' arter
 while."

Our Master up in Heaven, Davy, sees—hears every thing,
He likes to see His children kneel—an' loves to hear 'em
 sing,
For whar He lives the angels sing an' Christians git their
 dues,
His music costs Him nothing; an' He haint no rented pews.

Thar ain't no use o'foolin' 'long de road down to the grave;
Thar is no way o'dodgin' when you've got your soul to save;
Fine churches, orgins, carridges, clothes, rented pews, an'
 "pelf,"
Won't count that day—it lays between yer Maker an' yerself.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL OF THE SOUTH.

Beautiful girl of the South,
Friend of my earlier days,
Fondly I'm thinking of thee,
Loving to sing in thy praise.
We have loved each other,
Nought but death can sever
Hearts once bound together,
My loved one and mine own.

CHORUS—

Oh! beautiful girl of the South,
Say, art thou thinking of me?
Far in thine own sunny home,
Down by the murmuring sea.

Beautiful girl of the South,
Heart that is loving and true,
Face full of innocent smiles,
Eyes of a heavenly blue.
Oh! many pleasant hours
Amid the Southern flowers,
So happy have been ours,
My loved one and mine own.

Beautiful girl of the South,
Birds sing their sweetest to thee,
Songs of their own sunny clime,
Those were the sweetest to me.

Would'st thou ask to prove thee,
Smile, sweet girl, above thee,
Heaven knows I love thee,
My loved one and mine own.

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THE BOY GIRL.

She's a lovely country lassie,
And as happy as can be;
She's as pretty as a picture,
And she's all the world to me.
She knows no fads nor fashions,
Nor any "social sets;"
She's just what nature made her,
And one of nature's pets.

She was sweet sixteen last summer,
And her mother often tried
To teach her "city manners,"
And to be more dignified.
But that brown-eyed country beauty
Was a jolly, cunning elf,
Said she "never could be happy
If she didn't act herself."

She could run and jump and whistle,
She could handle papa's plows,
She could "ride a mule to meetin',"
She could drive and milk the cows.

And when she churned for butter,
In her bare feet, near the spring,
The birds in congregations
Gathered near to hear her sing.

She could beat her mother washing,
She could cook and iron, too,
And she'd always sing or whistle
At the work she had to do.
She could shoot a gun or rifle,
Climb a rail fence low or high,
And I've seen her skin a rabbit
'Fore a cat could wink its eye.

She could ride a horse a-straddle,
She could climb the tallest trees,
She could wade the creek in summer,
With her dress above her knees.
She could feed the hogs and chickens,
And 'twould make an angel laugh
To see that country beauty
Run a foot-race with a calf.

She is healthy, hearty, happy,
As life's flowery path she'll roam,
With the birds for her companions,
And the country for her home.
She's a queen among the "young set,"
And I've heard her neighbors say
That they love that country lassie
Who's the Boy-girl of to-day.

DAT OLE MULE AN' ME.

Jes' 'bout de time de wah shet down ole Marster Ab'am Poole

Gib me an ole log cabin an' er little yaller mule,
 Fo' acres fus'-rate bottom lan' dat on de ribber laid,
 Includin' an old spring.-'ouse settin' in de cyp'ess shade.
 He cum an' tole me "good-bye," den' all his family tuck,
 He sold de ole home fo' a farm up somewhar in Kintuck;
 He sed de wah had ruined him, an' I wuz done sot free,
 An' didn't leave a thing behind but dat ole mule an' me.

I couldn't help but shed a tear, an' my ole eyes wur dim,
 I lubbed de mule, but w'en I seed my ole dog foller him
 I couldn't call him back ter me, an' w'en we hed ter part,
 I sot down in de cabin do' wid trouble in my heart.
 Ole 'Mandy she hed died an' lef' me libin' dar alone,
 Hit seemed ter me dat all my joy hed put on wings an' flown;
 He tuck my dog, but den I 'lowed he couldn't kinder be
 Dan w'en he lef' behind a home fo' dat ole mule an' me.

I sot dar in de cabin do' dat long an' lonesome night,
 De owl wuz hootin' on a lim', de moon wuz shinin' bright;
 I nebber had setch feelin's in my heart fo' many years,
 De stars looked lack dey wep' fo' me, an' dey wuz sheddin'
 tears.

I hearn de water whisperin' as it gurgled f'om de spring,
 De nightingale sung sad an' sweet, as dey kin only sing;
 De aingils shoved de clouds aside so dat dey all could see
 Dat ole log cabin home ob mine an' dat ole mule an' me.

I went ter sleep an' dream dat I could hear de same ole horn
 Old Marster used ter blow ter call de darkies ebery morn;
 I seed myself a-plowin' wid de field han's in de spring,
 An' hearn de good ole songs I used ter hear de darkies sing.
 I seed ole Mars' an' Missus gwine up ter Hebbin's gate,
 An' 'Mandy standin' jes' outside, ez ef ter watch an' wait;
 De dog wuz waggin' of his tail, an' look at her 'z if he
 Wuz helpin' her ter watch an' wait fo' dat ole mule an' me.

W'en I woke up de lips ob morn hed kissed dé brow ob day,
 De birds wuz singin', flowers smiled, I hearn dat ole mule
 bray;
 I knowed his voice, 'twuz music sweet dat filled my eyes
 wid tears,
 Fo' him an' me had been good friends fo' nearly twenty
 years.

I led him ter de co'n-crib den, an' gib him 'bout er peck,
 An' while he eat I put my arms in love aroun' his neck;
 An' as I wept I wondered in my heart how long 'twould be
 Befo' de Lawd would sen' down heah fo' dat ole mule an' me.

O, well! de good Lawd put us heah, an' He kin take away,
 We gwine ter make de bes' o' life ez long's we got ter stay;
 We've been togedder now so long dat if we have ter part,
 No matter which ob us goes fus', dar'll be a broken heart.
 W'en bofe ob us am called ter go, an' we no longer roam
 On earth, I'll saddle up dat mule an' we'll light out fo' home,
 Dat home 'way ober yonder which dar's none but God's
 folks see,
 An' 'Mandy'll shout fo' glory w'en she sees dat mule
 an' me.

LITTLE SAM.

I'm a happy little darkey, all the way from Alabam,
 Whar I used to hoe de cotton and de cane,
 An' de white folks dey will miss me when dey shout for
 Little Sam,
 Kase I'm neber gwine to lib wid dem again.
 O, I lef' 'em in de night,
 When de moon was shinin' bright,
 An' I struck out to find de happy land.
 I lef' my only brudder
 To take care of my mother—
 I was bound to be a little contraband.

CHORUS—

High, oh! high! Listen till I tell you who I am!
 I'se a rovin' little darkey,
 All de way from Alabam;
 I'se as free as anybody,
 An' dey calls me Little Sam.

De cabin whar I used to lib is settin' on de hill,
 And de mockin' bird is singin' just as free,
 Whar I used to set and lis'en to de music ob de rill,
 As it hunted for de riber to de sea.
 And when the work was o'er,
 We would gather 'round de door
 Ob de cabin—all de darkies in a jam;
 An' dey'd keep de banjo ringin'
 While dey listen to me singin',
 But I run away to be a contraband.

I'se around among de white folks, doin' for dem all I can,
For to keep me busy workin' all de day;
And when I duz my duty well, dey pays me like a man,
And I goes and puts my money all away.
And I'll save up ebery cent,
'Cept what I've gone and spent,
Kase I'se gwine to travel down to Alabam,
For to see my only brudder,
And my dear old aged mother,
Who will gib a welcome home to "Little Sam."

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O, LET ME KISS THE BABY.

O, eyes of heavenly beauty!
O, face' so young and fair!
Methinks I see its mother
In every feature there;
Its eyes in beauty beaming
In merry roguish glee,
O, let me kiss the baby
For the smiles it gives to me.

CHORUS—

O, let me kiss the baby!
How happy it must be,
To clap its tiny little hands
In innocence and glee.

Its hair in ringlets playing,
As if in roguish sin,
To hide its face so lovely,
Or shade its dimple chin;
It knows no sin or sorrow,
Too young to feel a woe,
O, let me kiss the baby
But once before I go.

God bless the little darling,
May life be long and sweet,
And may no thorny pathway
Be traversed by its feet;
May sorrow be a stranger
To such a tender heart!
O, let me kiss the baby—
One kiss before we part.

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“SLEEPING LILIES.”

Down the stream, love, we are floating,
Floating slowly down the stream;
Scarce disturbing with our boating
Sleeping lilies as they dream.
Sleep lilies! dream lilies!
Underneath the sky so blue,
For her hand, so soft and dimpled,
Reaches forth to gather you,
For her hand, so soft and dimpled,
Reaches forth to gather you.

WRITE A LETTER FROM HOME

Lonely I sit me and weep,
Weep as I have not for years;
Why do mine eyes fail to keep
Back these affectionate tears?
I think of dear ones o'er the sea,
Who love me wherever I roam;
Oh! go to them, tell them for me,
To write me a letter from home.

CHORUS—

Have they forgotten me now,
Or do they expect me to come?
No, no; go and tell them for me,
To write me a letter from home.

I think of the old-fashioned cot,
I've left it for many a year;
The last words, God bless you; I've got
From mother and father so dear.
They hoped that my voyage would be
A pleasant one over the foam;
O! some one go and tell them for me,
To write me a letter from home.

MISSES DOOLAN'S BALL.

There was Biddy Shea an' Maggie D'yle an' Mary Ann O'Brannigan,
 An' Moike O'Grady's daughter Mag, an' Bridget McIlvaine,
 The widdy McNamara an' her sister Sue O'Flannigan,
 An' Mag O'Malley, Sue McCoy, an' purty Mollie Dhrane;
 The b'yes wur Jamie Casey, Tim Malloy an' Owen Finnigan,
 An' Barney Grady, Phil McCoole, an' Mack an' Tim McCall,
 Wid Billy Burke an' Mickey B'yle an' Jim an' Pat McGinnigan,
 Injoyin' loife an' havin' foon at Misses Doolan's ball.

The fwishky flowed loike wather free, an' they wur dhrinkin' hearty, 'O,
 An' all the guirls wur havin' foon—'twas Misses Doolan's noight
 To cillybrate her birthday, so 'twas she that gev the party, 'O;
 'Av coarse it wouldn't be the thing for foon widout a foight,
 So what does Moike O'Malley do but go an' kiss Kate Finnigan;
 Her brother Pat wint up to Moike an' sthruck him in the oye,
 Thin kicked him out, but Misses Doolan wint an' let him in ag'in,
 An' whin they got doon foightin' Moike was carried home to doye.

Jim Casey hit young Tim Malloy, an' Tim hit Barney Brannigan,

An' Barney hit the fiddler wance an' kicked him on the jaw;

Thin Potsey Grady hit O'Toole for sthrikin' Phil O'Flanagan;

An' be me sowl, the foight they had the loikes ye niver saw.

"Go in," says Misses Doolan, "b'yes, injoy yerselves, be merry, 'O,

An' hav yer foon, for birthdays niver coom but wance a year;"

An' thin it was that Mag Maginness' brothers, Jim an' Jerry, 'O,

Took full posishin av the house widout a bit o' fear.

Thin Tim O'Donnell yelled "Po-lice!" the guirls began to prance ag'in,

The fiddler tuned his fiddle up an' played "Tim Roilly's Cow;"

The b'yes thin grabbed the purty guirls, an' all begoon to dance ag'in,

An' whin the polace kem around they didn't see the row.

An' fwhin the hour kem to quit—'twas nearly morn they shtarted, 'O—

They wint to Misses Doolan an' they thanked her, one an' all;

They hugged an' kissed the purty guirls, but joosht befoor they parted, 'O,

They gev a yell: "Hoo-roo! Hoo-roo! for Misses Doolan's ball."

MY DEAR OLD SUNNY HOME.

Where the mocking bird sang sweetly
Many years ago,
Where the sweet magnolia blossoms
Grew as white as snow;
There I never thought that sorrow,
Grief nor pain could come,
E'er to crush the joys and pleasures
Of my sunny home.

CHORUS—

Oh! I'm weeping,
Lonely I must roam;
Must I leave thee,
Dear old sunny home?

Flowers withered, roses drooping
'Round the cottage door,
And the birds that sang so sweetly
Sing, alas, no more;
Ev'ry thing seems chang'd in Nature
Since I cross'd the foam
To return, my poor heart breaking,
To my sunny home.

Other forms and stranger faces,
All that I can see,
Brings to mem'ry thoughts of loved ones
Who were dear to me;

But my poor heart sinks within me
 When I turn to roam,
 Far from all I lov'd and cherish'd,
 Good-bye, sunny home.

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DE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN IN DE WOODS.

De little stars am shinin' bright an' winkin' at de moon;
 De dogs down yonder in de lane am barkin' at de coon
 Dat sits upon de ole rail fence around de field ob corn;
 De birds am tired ob singin' songs all day since early morn;
 De leaves am dancin' on de bosom ob de gentle breeze,
 An' nature makes de music as it floats among de trees;
 I hear ole Jim a singin' on his way back from de mill
 To his little ole log cabin in de woods on top de hill.

CHORUS—

Ole uncle Jim lived dar for years, an' lubs his ole
 home still,
 Dat little ole log cabin in de woods on top de hill.

It has a door an' window which lets in de light ob day;
 De rustic logs am filled between with chips an' yaller clay;
 De chickens roost upon de roof, de dog sleeps on de floor,
 An' creepin' vines an' big sunflowers grow aroun' de door;
 A footpath leads down froo de woods, anudder to de spring;
 Wid dogs an' guns an' fishin' poles Jim's happy as a king;
 He sings de cares ob life away, an' whistles loud an' shrill,
 In dat little ole log cabin in de woods on top de hill.

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DE CABIN IN DE LANE.

O how happy I used to be,
In dem good old days.

'Way down yonder on de Tombigbee,
In dem good old days.

When I worked all day in de cotton and de cane,
An' I libed in de ole log cabin in de lane,
I was happier den dan I'll eber be again,
In dem good ole days.

CHORUS—

Den good-bye to de ole plantation,
Good-bye to de cabin in de lane,
For dey sot us all free,
My good ole wife an' me,
Will neber see dem good times again.

I used to go by de light of de moon,
In dem good old days,
An' hunt wid de dogs for de 'possum an' de coon,
In dem good ole days.
But I'se neber been so happy since dey sot me free,
An' I wish I was libin on de Tombigbee,
For ole marster and missus wuz so kind to me,
In dem good ole days.

OLD HAYSEED'S FIRST LOVE.

Yes! Marthy, I remember, an' I never can forget,
 'Twas at a dance at our house, the first time that we met;
 On Christmas eve, an' natur' wore a counterpane o' snow,
 Gee whillikens! how time do fly—that's fifty years ago.

But, Marthy, seems ter me ez ef 'twuz only yesterday,
 You rid yer father's sorrel hoss an' come with Reuben Gray;
 The country boys had lots o' fun, the gurls wur happy—too,
 'Twas then I lost my heart, ez soon's I sot my eyes on you.

They played all kinds o' games an' danced, in which I tuck
 no part,

For Love was gittin' in its work a rasslin' with my heart;
 An' every time them eyes o' your'n would shoot a smile ter
 mine,

I felt jes' like a wet, cold snake wuz crawlin' up my spine.

It wuz the first attack o' love my heart hed ever had;
 I kinder felt I'd like ter laugh an' then git sorter sad;
 I shuck ez if I had a chill, an' then git warm an' sweat;
 The more I looked at you that night the wuss off I would get.

Yer rosy cheeks, yer sparklin' eyes, yer voice so rich with
 mirth,

I couldn't help but think yer was the purtiest girl on earth;
 Yer wore a striped linsey frock—a flower in yer ha'r,
 An' I concluded you wuz just too sweet for airth—right thar.

But then I had ter stop an' think that one so fair an' free,
 So loved by all the country boys, could have a love for me;
 I'd feel that I wuz wastin' time an' all my prospects, too;
 A country boy ez green ez me could not be loved by you.

But Cupid is a cunnin' cuss—I never see the like,
Yer kain't tell when he's goin' ter shoot, nor whar he's goin'
ter strike;
He takes two hearts an' makes their owners see a bar'l o' fun,
An' 'fore he's done a foolin' with 'em make 'em beat ez one.

We got ter talkin' thar that night, an' when I heard you say
That I must come an' see your folks, an' come ter spend the
day,
I felt ez ef the ice wuz broke, an' all my fears had flown,
I'd soon be slippin' 'cross the fields an' call for you alone.

In course o' time the country boys for miles around could see,
You kinder let 'em git away an' tied yer string ter me;
An' all o' them begun ter think yer left them in the lurch
At seein' you an' me so of'en ridin' home from church.

Say, Marthy, guess yer hain't forgot that night o' joy an' bliss,
When you an' me sot on the porch, I ast yer for a kiss;
Yer cheeks turned red, yer hung yer head, an' kissed me—
blushed a bit;

It wuz the first I ever had, an' I kin taste it yit.

'Twuz then an' thar we fixed the day—the gladdest day of
life,

An' when it come, old 'Squire Quiggin' made us man an'
wife;

Your folks an' mine, an' all the neighbors, wished us well
that day,

But thar was one who wuzzent thar, an' that wuz Reuben
Gray.

Pap made me then the present of a mule an' new red plow,
An' your'n give you ten dollars—an' yer ma give you a cow.
So this wuz all we had on airth ter start out with in life,
An' we've been happy fifty years together man an' wife.

As years rolled on our hearts kept fresh an' full of tender
love,

We jined the church, an' nightly ast God's blessin's from
above.

We never ast of God a favor that we didn't git,
Thank God, we lived ez Christians, an' we're servin' of Him
yit.

Ah! Marthy, God's been good to us, an' we have been
content,

We've never failed ter thank Him for the blessin's He has
sent.

An' we'll go on a blessin' Him the balance of our lives,
I've been a happy husband an' you've been the best o' wives.

But, Marthy, tears come to my eyes to think that those we
knew

An' who were at the weddin' on the day I married you,
Have all gone home ter rest with God, their lives on earth
are spent,

An' you an' me will have ter go the same old road they went.

Well, git yer Bible, fer it's late, an' you begin to nod,
You read a chapter, then we'll kneel an' send our prayer
to God,

As we've been doin' every night for fifty years, yer know,
An' ask Him to stay with us, for we hain't got fur ter go.

ROLL OUT! HEAVE DAT COTTON.

I hear dat bell a ringin',
I see de Captain stan',
Boat done blowed her whistle,
I know she's g'wine to lan';
I hear de mate a callin',
"Go git out de plank,
Rush out wid de head line,
And tie her to de bank."

CHORUS—

Roll out! heave dat cotton,
Roll out! heave dat cotton,
Roll out! heave dat cotton,
Ain't got long to stay.

It's early in de mornin',
Before we see de sun,
"Roll aboard dat cotton,
An' git back in a run;"
De Captain's in a hurry,
I know what he means,
Wants ter beat de Sherlock
Down to New Orleans.

I hear dat mate a shoutin',
An' see him on de shore,
Hurry, boys! be lively,
Ain't but fifty more;

We ain't got time to tarry
 Here at dis cotton pile,
 We gwine to git another
 Below here forty mile.

We done took on de cotton,
 Shove cut f'om de shore,
 Sailing down the river,
 We gwine to lan' for more;
 When you hear de whistle,
 An' de big bell ring,
 We gwine to lan' for cotton,
 Roll out, boys, an' sing.

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A NEW LEAF TURNED.

'Twas in the gilded palace of a place—
 A house of sin and shame and foul disgrace.
 'Twas New Year's morn! The revelry was o'er
 That had been going on the night before,
 And silence put her virtuous mantle 'round
 That hellish home of "women of the town."
 But there was *one* poor girl who had not slept,
 She walked the floor till day and sadly wept,
 Her soul in anguish and her heart in gloom
 As to and fro she walked in her lone room.
 She sighed and wept, and in her bitter grief
 She thought of "turning over a new leaf."

Sad memories 'rose, and thoughts of sin and strife
That had been hers in leading such a life.
She thought of girlhood's days, of virtue's worth,
How she had lived a life of hell on earth;
In every hour of her life's disgrace
She saw her home, her angel mother's face,
She felt her lips to hers, saw eyes that smiled
When she was home, a happy, loving child.
Her father's voice kept ringing in her ears,
Appealing to her with a father's tears,
His broken heart rent with the pangs of pain,
And pleading with her to "come home again."
"Come, though by sin and shame you are defiled,
Come back to me, for you are *still* my child."

"My God!" she cried, "can I, in my disgrace,
Go home to see my angel mother's face?
Can I go where my soul will find its rest,
Be folded to a loving father's breast?
God will forgive me, will my parents too;
O! Angels pity me, what shall I do?"

That handsome girl, still lovely, young and fair,
Knelt down and prayed; God heard her earnest prayer
And by the time her sad appeal was through,
Her sinful soul was cleansed and made anew.
"Farewell," said she, "to all this life of shame,
I'll re-adopt my mother's sacred name;
From this foul prison-house, out in the snow,
I'll take my leave forever, home I'll go."

She went, poor Magdalene, knocked at the door
And heard a voice she'd often heard before,
Ere she had gone to lead a life of sin.
She knocked again, that same voice said, "Come in."

She staggered, fell inside like some one wild,
Her mother met her, "O! my God, my child!"
And as she held her in her close embrace,
Warm tears and kisses fell upon her face.
Her father 'rose and said, "I'm glad you've come
To make this once again a happy home.
Come to my arms again, God bless you, child,"
And through his tears of joy the old man smiled.

Then there *was* joy, their child had not been spurned,
A soul was saved, a new leaf had been turned.
She took to loving parents joy new-born
And gave her soul to God that New Year's morn.

A WOMAN.

A woman may know how to drive an old horse
Or steer a blind mule by the tail;
She may drive a good bargain, but one thing is sure,
You'll never see one drive a nail.

I LOVE YOU, JOSEPHINE.

There's not a moment of my life
 But that my mem'ry, fond and true,
Like some lone bird that seeks its mate
 Flies on the wings of love to you.
I see your fair and faultless form,
 In all my dreams your face is seen;
I breathe your name in ev'ry pray'r,
 My own, my darling Josephine.

CHORUS—

O! Josephine, my own fair queen,
 I swear by Heav'n above you
My heart is true, sweet girl, to you,
 Josephine, I love you.

O! when I see your soul-lit eyes
 In all their beauty on me shine,
I feel as if some angel fair
 Had come to give her smiles for mine.
But when our lips give kiss for kiss,
 And life is happy and serene,
All earth becomes a Heaven then,
 And you're its angel, Josephine.

THE SINNER'S APPEAL.

O! wretched, miserable soul,
 Polluted with thy load of sin,
Is there no help to come from God—
 No light of love to shine therein?
O! plead for mercy, hope and faith—
 For God's forgiveness and His love—
Dwell not in darkness and in sin,
 Let light shine in thee from above.

O! sinful, wicked, stubborn heart,
 Why close thy doors against God's love,
While like a father to his son
 His voice keeps calling from above?
He holds His outstretched arms and says,
 “Come unto Me, O! wayward son,
Turn not away, but hear My voice,
 And let thy sinful heart be won.”

O! God, how good, how kind Thou art,
 To grant me mercy and forgive,
That I might give my heart to Thee,
 And love Thee more that I might live.
Yes, live forever where no sin
 Nor sorrow in Thy presence dwell,
Where angels live in peace and joy,
 And there's no sickness, death or hell.

O! wretched, guilty wretch am I,
As through this sinful world I stray,
O! would that God would melt my heart
And teach me how to kneel and pray.
O! Lord, speak to my troubled soul,
Look down in mercy from above,
Take this cold, stubborn heart of mine
And fill it with Thy pitying love.

O! love and pity me, I pray,
And bless my soul e'er 'tis too late,
And lead me in the narrow way
That Christians walk to reach Thy gate.
Forgive my sins, Thy mercy show,
And let Thy love within me dwell,
That when I die my soul will go
From whence it came, and not to—hell.

“FALLING OFF.”

She rode a “bike” until she fell
Upon the hard street, dead;
The verdict of the jury was—
“She had wheels in her head.”
Though she was fair but fearful fat,
And had a dreadful cough,
And riding to reduce her flesh,
She died from “falling off.”

I'M WAITING FOR YOU, NORA.

When the evening shadows gather and all nature seeks re-pose,
 The dewdrops kiss the faces of the flowers and the rose;
 The nightingale is singing to its mate in yonder tree,
 The owl is sitting on a limb and slyly looks at me;
 The quiet stars are smiling through the curtains of the night,
 And winking at the gentle moon that takes its wayward flight,
 I watch the streamlet murmuring through the meadows 'round the hill,
 I'm waiting for you, Nora, on the foot-bridge near the mill.

CHORUS—

Then meet me, darling, for you know I fondly love you
 . . . still,
 I'm waiting for you, Nora, on the foot-bridge near the mill.

Now the gentle breath of summer makes the leaves dance
 'mong the trees,
 The perfume of the clover blossoms fills the evening breeze,
 I listen for your merry voice to sing the song again
 I heard you singing when I met you coming down the lane.
 The happiest moments of my life on wings of pleasure fly
 When nature sets apart a night like this for you and I.
 Come with a kiss, come with a smile, O come, I know you will,
 I'm waiting for you, Nora, on the foot-bridge near the mill.

TAKE THIS LETTER TO MY MOTHER.

Take this letter to my mother,
Far across the deep blue sea,
It will fill her heart with pleasure,
She'll be glad to hear from me.
How she wept when last we parted,
How her heart was filled with pain,
When she said, "good-bye, God bless you,—
We may never meet again."

CHORUS—

Take this letter to my mother,
Far across the deep blue sea,
It will fill her heart with pleasure,
She'll be glad to hear from me.

Take this letter to my mother,
It will fill her heart with joy;
Tell her that her prayers are answered,
God protects her absent boy. . .
Tell her to be glad and cheerful,
Pray for me where'er I roam,
And ere long I'll turn my footsteps
Back towards my dear old home.

Take this letter to my mother,
It is filled with words of love;
If on earth I'll never meet her,
Tell her that we'll meet above,

Where there is no hour of parting,
 All is peace, and love, and joy,
God will bless my dear old mother,
 And protect her only boy.

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THE NEW MAGDALEN.

“Neither do I condemn thee. Go, sin no more.”

We met and smiled, and smiled again;
 Smile greeted smile upon the street.
His form and face, it seemed to me,
 To be my fault my fate to meet.
He spoke and held my hand in his,
 And pressed it; why? I could not tell.
I loved him, I believed him true,
 I listened, and I—fell.

He spurns me now, and I have lost
 All that was dear to me in life.
They call me “woman of the town”—
 I, who should be his faithful wife.
He shuns, me hates me; those I knew
 Before I drank the cup of grief
Abhor *me* now, but smile upon
 The coward and the thief.

He lives, and moves in circles where
They seem with pride to call his name;
But all the wealth the world commands
Can never free his soul from shame.
He said he loved me, and it was
The happiest moment of my life;
But now I'm scorned, because I'm called
His woman—not his wife.

He wronged me, and this little child
I fold so loving to my breast,
May never live to know the shame—
He knows 'tis his, God knows the rest.
Though he should live an hundred years,
And roam about, I do not care,
On land or sea, 'wake or sleep,
Guilt follows everywhere.

O, woman, woman! Why thus hate
One of your sex? Why not implore
The God of mercy to forgive?
Did *He* not say, "Go, sin no more?"
'Tis woman's hate to womankind
That makes our lives a wretched span;
Since you will scorn a woman so,
O, why forgive a man?

I dare not go into your church,
And kneel with you in solemn prayer,
And ask God's pardon for my sin,
For you would scorn me out of there.

But if the thief of virtue sat
Beside his sister, I've no doubt
He would be first to leave his pew
To come and lead me out.

'Tis human nature oft to err,
And sweet forgiveness is divine;
But where's the Christian woman who
Would speak to troubled hearts like mine?
Who comes to talk of Christian love
To one whose heart and soul's defiled?
Not one among you. God forgive
A mother and her child.

Ye angels, holy, pure, and good,
Go to our Father—He yet lives—
And tell Him not to scorn me, too.
Though women hate me, He forgives.
Teach, O teach them to forgive!
And let His Spirit with them dwell,
That they may show lost souls the way
To heaven—not to hell.

TONGUE.

Wearisome Willie went up to a house,
And to the good lady he said :
"Will you give me some tongue and a little warm
ham ?"
But he got the cold shoulder instead.

GO, SIN NO MORE.

I have learned that, “ ‘Tis woman’s hate to womankind that makes our lives a wretched span.” I want to make atonement for my sin and have it said, “She was a good woman.” “Will you help me?”—Extract from private letter.

My friend, I know not who you are,
Nor of the life you’ve spent,
But this I know, there’s always hope
For those who will repent.
What need you care if all the world
Proves false, unkind, untrue,
So long as you believe that God
Is Father, friend, to you.

Let woman hate you if she will,
And all your plans deter,
There’ll come a time, as sure as death,
God will remember her.
I’d rather pave your path with flowers,
And give you smiles than scorns,
And make you feel your walk in life
Was neither stones nor thorns.

If, in an evil hour, you
Have fallen in disgrace,
You’re not the only one, God knows,
Whom shame stares in the face.
You need not think that you are lost,
As down life’s road you’ve trod;
No! no! For you was Heaven made,
Loved by Almighty God.

“Go, sin no more,” our Savior said,
These words were meant for you;
He died for you on Calvary’s cross,
What more could Jesus do?
You give your heart and soul to God,
Repent now of your sin,
That when you knock at Heaven’s gate
He’ll gladly let you in.

You’ll find a crown awaiting you,
And angels gather ’round
The throne to sing their sweet songs o’er
A lost sheep that’s been found.
You’ll find an ever blessed God,
As through His courts you’ll roam,
With outstretched arms to welcome you
To His eternal home.

Forget your sin! God will forgive,
And do not turn away,
But go to Him, you need not care
What women do or say.
It is enough for you to know
On Him you can depend—
That He, and He alone, can save,
And He is still your friend.

O, would to God I had the power,
Could conquer and control,
I’d go to women such as you
And try to save each soul.

But God alone can save your soul,
Appeal to Him—not man;
All I can do is promise you
To help you all I can.

SAVE ONE BRIGHT CROWN FOR ME.

Oh! Thou Omnipotent, Most High!
Still to Thy cross I cling;
Look down with pitying eye on me;
My soul to Thee I bring.
With troubled heart and tearful eyes,
I ask on bended knee,
When Thou dost welcome strangers home
Save one bright crown for me.

CHORUS

Ye angels 'round the throne of grace,
When I come home to thee,
In pity hear, oh! hear my prayer,
Oh! save a crown for me, crown for me.

The windows of my sinful soul
Are open to Thy love;
Oh! let the light of Faith and Hope
Shine in them from above.
I feel that I am drifting now
Across life's stormy sea,
And when I've reached the golden shore,
Oh! save a crown for me.

Most gracious and forgiving Lord!
 Oh! wash my soul of sin;
 When angels meet me at Thy gates,
 Tell them to let me in.
 My sinful life will then be o'er,
 I'll be at home with Thee,
 Where there is peace for evermore,
 A crown of love for me.

“MY BOY.”

There's an image ever haunts me,
 No matter where I roam,
 The pet of all the household,
 And the light and life of home;
 His voice is full of music,
 And his heart is ripe with joy,
 I love him and he loves me,
 He's my own, my little boy.

CHORUS—

Sweet child, my boy, I love you,
 Oh! come and kiss your Papa and kiss your
 grandpa, too,
 Put your arms around me, for I—love—you.

I can hear his little footsteps
 As he runs across the floor,
 With a loving kiss to give me,
 When he meets me at the door.

I can hear him shouting "Papa,"
As he throws aside each toy,
For he knows I'm going to kiss him,
He's my own, my little boy.

May the angels ever guard him
And protect him is my prayer,
May his childish footsteps take him
To his final home up there,
Where there is no grief or sorrow
And no troubles to annoy
All such good and happy children
As my own, my little boy.

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MARY.

Name ever dear to my true heart,
So full of love for thee;
Without thy love this bitter world
Would be a blank to me.

Sweet angel of my every dream,
In which I see thy face,
And warm thy lips with kisses sweet
While in thy fond embrace.

Oh! life is sweet to live and love,
And to be loved by thee,
And know thy heart is ever true
To me, and only me.

WHEN I AM GONE.

Beloved one! will you be near,

When I am gone?

To think of me and shed a tear,

When I am gone?

Will you be standing near my bed

And watch my face through tears you shed,

As you will weep for him that's dead,

When I am gone?

O, loved one! will your sweet lips sigh,

When I am gone?

Your heart near break to say "good-bye,"

When I am gone?

O, would you put your loving arm

Around my neck and lift my form,

And let your sweet lips make mine warm,

When I am gone?

Say, darling, will your heart feel pain,

When I am gone?

Or wish that I'd come back again,

When I am gone?

Or would your life's joy be complete

If you and I would once more meet?

Would you then give me kisses sweet,

When I am gone?

Ah! yes! then smile upon my brow,
I am not gone.
Come, darling, love me—kiss me now,
I am not gone.
Dispel such thoughts as make you sad,
Come hug me, kiss me—make me glad,
Some day you'll weep and wish you had,
When I am gone.

“YOU, ONLY YOU!”

The pale moon sheds its rosy light
Down through the curtains of the night,
And as I lonely muse I see
The twinkling stars each look at me.
And as I see them smile through space,
I look and long to see your face,
And all my vows of love renew
To you, Mary, you.

CHORUS—

O! my darling, O! be true,
For I've never, never loved but you.
Ever true, to none but you,
You, Mary, you.

I sigh to see your smiling face,
And feel your soft, your sweet embrace,
The Heavenly joy and tender bliss
There is in your sweet loving kiss.

Though we may never meet again,
My love for you will still remain,
The only love my heart e'er knew,
For you, Mary, you.

I loved you once, I love you now,
And I've been true to every vow;
The only grief that pains my heart
Is knowing we're so far apart.
But I'll be true as heaven above,
My heart will keep its tender love
Through life with fond affection true,
For you, Mary, you.

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DE BUSTED BALL.

Snuff dat can'le on de mantle,
Gem'len git yo' pardners now,
Tell Jeems Riddle toon his fiddle,
Play "Ole Missus Taylor's Cow."
Quit yo' talkin', git yo' places,
Fo'm de set upon de flo';
Remus Rogers, you an' Amos
Take de tickets at de do'.

Balance all! den swing yo' pardner,
Look yo' sweetes', dance yo' bes';
Lookey yander, big-foot Lijah
Trod on Tilda Benson's dress.

Lady ter de right, den balance,
 Lis'en ter dat fiddle ring,
 Mistoo Tho'nton, grab Miss Turpin,
 Do-se-do, den bow an' swing.

All han's roun', gents ter de middle,
 Ladies 'semble—balance all;
 Lif' yo' feet dar, Caleb Anders,
 'Fo' you trip yo' se'f an' fall.
 Ladies 'semble in de center,
 Gem'len, dance de solo fus,
 All han's roun'—eberybody—
 Nebber min' de heat an' dus'.

Once mo'! balance! eberybody!
 Gib Jim Po'ter dar a chance,
 Stan' back, ladies' don't yer crowd him,
 Watch dat country niggah dance.
 Wake up, Riddle, saw dat fiddle,
 Fus' de toe an' den de heel,
 Dance fo' life, now, eberybody,
 Gwan ter play "Ole Roxy's Reel."

* * * * *

W'at's de matter wid dis party?
 W'at yer quit fo'—gwan ter fight?
 Who dat ticklin'—quit yer screamin'—
 Who de debbil stole dat light?
 'Pears to me dat sòme fool nigger
 Huntin' fun an' didn't keer,
 F'om de way de a'r is loaded,
 Turned a pole-cat loose in here.

WHO TIED THAT CRAPE ON THE DOOR?

Mother, dear Mother, oh, don't look so sad,
 Wipe the warm tears from your cheek,
 Tell me, oh, tell me, can't I make you glad?
 Why don't you look up and speak?
 Why do you sigh like your poor heart would break?
 Tell me, I beg and implore,
 Look up and speak to your own darling boy,
 Who tied that crape on the door?
 Oh, who tied that crape on the door?

CHORUS—

Who tied that crape on the door?
 Oh, who tied that crape on the door?
 Look up, ask God, and the angels will say,
 Death tied that crape on the door.

Come here, my boy, let me look in your face,
 Then bow your dear little head,
 Let me then fold you close in my embrace,
 There lies your poor Papa, dead.
 Look up and tell me you'll always love me,
 Answer, I'll ask you no more,
 Papa has left us, for God called him home,
 Death tied that crape on the door!
 Oh, Death tied that crape on the door!

THE SONG OF THE OLD BANJO.

Hannah, snuff de can'le, honey—git yo suppah ready,
 Fo' I'm tiard an' I'm hongry an' I'm dun cum home ter
 stay;
 'Rastus poke de'fiah, dah, an' tell yo' sistah 'Mandy
 Fo' ter cum an' git my dinner bucket—put de things
 away,
 Kase I'm heah ter spen' de evenin' wid ole Mammy an' de
 chillun,
 An' I'm gwine ter play de banjo till I git my suppah;—
 den
 I'm gwine ter sing "Ole Shady" lak I used ter sing fo'
 Marster,
 Kase I haven't been so happy-sence-de-Lawd-knows-
 when.

CHORUS—

Den O Lawd! Glory Hallelujerum!
 See my fingers dancin' w'en dey's hittin' every string,
 Kase I'm dun my work an' happy—hug yo' Mammy,
 kiss yo' Pappy,
 An' lis'en to de banjo an' de song I lub ter sing.

I kin heah de kittle singin' on de stove out in de kitchen,
 I kin see yo' Mammy cookin' wid er smile upon her face,
 An' I sees de cat a-sleepin' onderneaf de table dreamin'
 An' de dog a-growlin' at her jes' ez ef he own de place.
 I kin smell de 'taters cookin' an' a-floatin' in de gravy,
 An' I see de bread a-bakin' an' de fiah burnin' bright,
 An' I feel lak dis wuz Heaven, an' my famb-i-ly wuz angils,
 An' we wuz all in glory an' a-libin' high to-night.

Cum, chil'un, suppah's ready, git yo' places at de table,
 Mammy's comin' wid de soup an' got it bilin' hot;
 Lots o' hog an' hominy, an' co'n bread, an' pertaters—
 Mammy settin' waitin' for ter gib us all she got.
 Lawd bress de suppah table, ebery thing dat's on it,
 Bress dis little home o' ours—ebery thing yo' see—
 O, I can't help a-singin' kase my heart it is so happy
 An' I ought ter bress de good Lawd fo' bein' good to me.

* * * * *

In the lonely hours of midnight there was silence in that cottage,
 And the moon looked down upon it with a smile in all its beams,
 For old Ike, his old wife Hannah, and the children all were sleeping—
 The sleep of sweet contentment in the happy land of dreams.
 The old man owned his cottage home, and he was gladly dreaming
 Of peace and pleasure, joy and plenty, gladness everywhere;
 He heard a banjo's gentle strains, a sweet voice gladly singing—
 A song which he had often sung and ever would sing there :

“O Lawd! Glory Hallelujerum!
 See my fingers dancin' w'en dey's hittin' ebery string,
 Kaze I'm dun my work an' happy—hug yo' Mammy,
 kiss yo' Pappy,
 An lis'en to de banjo and de song I lub ter sing.”

LINES TO MY SON.

My little boy, I never look
 Into your childish face
But what I think, old as I am,
 I would not take your place;
For you can't be a boy but once,
 Though I my childhood crave,
You're starting up the hill of life,
 I'm nearing to my grave.

O, may God guide your footsteps right,
 And guard your guileless tongue,
And teach you how to worship Him,
 And love Him while you're young;
And may you live, that when you die
 A heavenly crown you'll win,
And may you be a better man
 Through life than I have been.

These rules adopt through all your life:
 Be resolute and strong,
And if you live up to them all,
 My boy, you'll not do wrong;
The one aim of your life must be
 To live as Christians do;
Believe God gave His only Son
 To die for such as you.

And don't forget on Sunday morn
To go to Sunday-school,
You'll learn the "Ten Commandments" there,
Likewise the "Golden Rule;"
And every time you go to church
You'll find each step you've trod
Has brought you that much closer home,
And one step nearer God.

"Obey your parents," little boy,
In all they ask of you,
And always "do thou unto them"
As they would do to you;
As God loves you, so you love them,
That when they've passed away
You'll walk the path they made for you,
And never go astray.

Be honest, sober, truthful, kind;
Of sin, my boy, beware!
Remember God, in all your walks,
Is with you everywhere;
And when you nightly kneel to pray
And ask God's blessing, too,
He'll bless your soul for Jesus' sake,
And be a friend to you.

I HAVE NO HOME.

Oh! how the merciless winter winds blow
As onward I tread through the "beautiful snow,"
Asking a penny from each one I meet,
To buy me some shoes for my little cold feet.
No one takes pity, or hears my appeal;
God alone knows how I suffer and feel;
Half starved and shivering, sadly I roam,
No place to shelter me—I have no home.

CHORUS—

Angels of Heaven, look down from the skies,
Oh! go to our Father with tears in your eyes,
And tell Him to call me, I'm ready to come,
For I have no home—I have no home.

Father and mother now sleep in the grave;
I gave to the poor all they told me to save;
But how little I dreamed when they came to the door,
That I would be penniless, homeless and poor.
Tear-drops now freeze on my colorless cheek;
I tremble with weakness whenever I speak;
No one seems caring wherever I roam;
What will become of me? I have no home.

Oh! where shall I go? tell me, what can I do?
Is there no one to tell me what course to pursue?
With my little dress torn, and no shoes on my feet—
Oh! I'm hungry and cold—must I die in the street?

When my journey is o'er and Death calls me to go,
Let me die in the street in the "beautiful snow;"
When I wake it will be with the angels to roam,
For I'll then have a home—I'll be at home.

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THE LITTLE WHITE CAP.

There's a scene I remember with feelings of joy
That lives in the home of my memory still;
I was then but a rosy-cheeked, barefooted boy
And played near a creek close to grandfather's mill;
But of all I remember which Time can't erase—
The picture will live in my heart evermore—
Is a wrinkled, a fair and a beautiful face
In a little white cap which my grandmother wore.

I've stood on the little foot-bridge o'er that stream
And heard its soft music as wavelets would flow,
When life was to me like a beautiful dream,
And looked at my shadow reflected below;
I've heard the birds singing as if to rejoice
That Nature was never so lovely before,
But I heard a sweet song, above all, from a voice
In that little white cap which my grandmother wore.

When the shadows of evening kissed Nature "good-day,"
And the men in the fields had deserted their plows,
And the sheep and the lambs had grown weary of play,
How happy I was when I drove up the cows;

And when Nature was hushed into silent repose
A rocking chair “creaked” on the oaken porch floor,
Until sleep brought a dim pair of eyes to a close
In the little white cap which my grandmother wore.

It is many long years since I saw her dear face
And stood by her side as she sweetly did sing,
For her soul winged its flight up to God’s throne of grace
From the body that rests near the moss-covered spring;
If all the fair angels in Heaven could be
Assembled in line on the beautiful shore,
There’s one face I’d know, if that face I could see
In a little white cap which my grandmother wore.

SIGNAL BELLS AT SEA.

Out on the steamer’s deck I sat
And watched the rolling waves
As on she plowed thro’ the angry sea
Over dead men’s graves;
I heard amid the moaning winds,
'Twas music sad to me,
The solemn voices o’er the deep
Of signal bells at sea.

CHORUS—

I could hear those bells, those sad, sweet bells,
'Twas music sad to me;
I could hear those bells, those tireless bells,
Those signal bells at sea.

The night was dark, the twinkling stars,
Like angels' eyes, did peep;
I saw their faces mirrored on
The bosom of the deep;
And each one seemed to listen to
The midnight jubilee
Of music from the iron tongues
Of those signal bells at sea.

When silence bid the sea be calm,
The tempest ruled no more,
The waves no longer rocked the ship,
Nor kissed the rock bound shore;
Yet I could faintly, softly hear
What then appeared to be
Sweet angels' voices coming from
Those signal bells at sea.

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HAPPY.

His feet were wrapped in coffee sacks,
And they were filled with straw;
He stood there whistling in the snow,
And empty was his craw.
But he was happy, all the same,
And didn't mind the storm,
For he had hoisted in a drink
That kept him pretty warm.

GOOD-BYE, OLD HOME.

Good-bye, old home; sad is my heart
To think that forever to-night we must part;
Weeping I leave thee, my heart is in pain,
I feel that I never shall see thee again.
Scenes of my boyhood forever adieu,
Oft will my memory wander to you
And to the loved ones wherever I roam,
But O, I must leave thee, good-bye! Old Home.

CHORUS—

Home of my heart, home, sweet home,
O, how I love thee wherever I roam,
But we must part for the hour is nigh
When weeping I'll murmur, Old Home, good-bye

Good-bye, old home; out on life's sea
Mine eyes will grow dim with tears shed for thee;
I'll think of the joys of childhood now o'er,
And weep when I think they will come never more.
I'll miss the sweet sound of the murmuring breeze
As it plays with the leaves of the towering trees,
For I will be wandering over life's foam
Far from the scenes of my once happy home.

Good-bye, old home; tears fill mine eyes;
Soon will be severed affectionate ties;
Bound by the love of the friends I loved true,
Who sleep in their graves, who in childhood I knew.

I've no one to love me, I've no one to cheer,
 For all that I love in this world I leave here,
 Hoping that whenever life's journey is o'er
 I'll find me a home on the echoless shore.

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SWEET BESS, O' BONNIE DOON.

In sunny Scotland lives a lass,
 As fair as e'er you'd see,
 Her eye is blue, her heart is true,
 She's all the world to me.
 We parted when the little stars
 Were smiling at the moon;
 It grieved my heart to sadly part
 With Bess, o' Bonnie Doon.

CHORUS—

I've written her a letter home,
 That I am coming soon;
 How glad I'll be again to see
 Sweet Bess, o' Bonnie Doon

I can't forget the fond embrace,
 The last sweet farewell kiss,
 The sad adieu and promise true,
 The hour of parting bliss.
 But when the roses bloom again,
 And song birds are in tune,
 I'll cross the sea and happy be
 With Bess, o' Bonnie Doon.

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OLD HAYSEED TALKS TO SI.

Say, Si, don't fuss an' growl at life,
An' furrow up yer brow,
Yer don't know what life is, my boy,
Yer eatin' poun' cake now.
The corn-bread time is goin' ter come,
An' tougher times ye'll see,
An' things won't be az they are now,
W'en you git old ez me.

Now is the summer of yer life,
An' natur w'ars a smile,
You'll find more thorns than roses, son,
An' winter after while.
Now all looks beautiful an' fair;
O! w'at a change thar'll be,
W'en storms of age an' trouble cum—
W'en you git old ez me.

Ah! Time will flop its rapid wings,
But age comes slowly on,
An' you will see that manhood's years
Come quick an' soon are gone.
The older, too, that you may grow
The faster they will flee,
An' you'll go runnin' down life's hill
W'en you git old ez me.

My boy, ez you go skippin' down
The rocky road of life,
You'll not find flowers ter tread upon,
But thorns of toil an' strife.
Yer step won't be ez nimble then,
Your voice so full of glee,
Yer won't feel like a boy ag'in
W'en you git old ez me.

Take my advice, while you are young,
An' do the best you can;
You sow the seeds of knowledge, Si,
That w'en you are a man
You'll have a home, perhaps a farm,
From want an' care be free,
An' you'll be fixed for "rainy days"
W'en you git old ez me.

Thar'll come er day that face o' yourn
So fair, will lose its smile;
'Twill b'ar the finger-marks of age
An' wrinkle after while.
Yer curly hair be white ez snow,
You'll find yer can not see
Ez well ez w'en yer wuz er boy,
W'en you git old ez me.

You take the Bible for yer guide,
Be resolute an' strong,
An' ef you'll stick ter hit, my boy,
'Twill never lead you wrong.

Thar'll come a time you'll wish you had,
An' of'ener bent yer knee,
An' read the Bible more an' prayed—
W'en you git old ez me.

Now, Marthy, you an' me an' Si
Kneel down an' let us pray;
'Twill make the angils glad, an' God
Will hear w'at I've ter say.
I'll pray that He will teach our boy
A Christian true ter be,
That he may be prepared ter die
W'en he gits old ez me.

DOWN IN DE CO'N FIEL'.

I see de black smoke rollin' high,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field.
Dat boat am comin' by and by,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field.
I hear dem ingines belchin' steam,
She's a comin' whoopin' up de stream,
She's gettin' warm when de whistles scream,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field.

CHORUS—

Den, Hannah, wake me airly in de morn,
I'm a gwine down yonder to de shuckin' ob de corn,
I'll nebber come home till I hear de dinner horn
From 'way down yonder in de corn-field.

I hoe de corn to de end of the row,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field.
When you get to de fence den lay down your hoe,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field.
Get on de fence an' you'll see her come,
Dem big wheels fillin' de ribber wid foam,
It's de Baton Rouge an' she's gwine home,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field.

Dem Anchor Line boats am fast an' fine,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field.
But Bixby's boat am de boss ob de line,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field.
Look at de smoke an' de steam she make,
Catch all de fast boats, gib 'em de shake,
No use talkin' for she calls for de cake,
'Way down yonder in de corn-field.

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LITTLE BOY, DON'T CRY.

There, little boy, don't cry!
I know that ^{*}you must be cold,
As you stand on the street
In the snow and the sleet,
With none of your papers sold;
But I'll take one as I'm passing by—
There, little boy, don't cry.

There, little boy, don't cry!
Your mother is poor, I know,
And your hat is all torn
And your shoes old and worn,
As you shiver with cold in the snow
And think of your mother, with tearful eye—
There, little boy, don't cry.

There, little boy, don't cry!
There's a time when you'll gladly smile;
There's a sweet home of joys
For all good little boys,
And you'll get there after a while,
For the angels watch and they'll wait on high—
There, little boy, don't cry.

There, little boy, don't cry!
Shake hands, for we have to part;
A boy that's as true
To his mother as you
Is a pride and a joy to her heart.
Why, bless your soul! there's a tear in my eye—
Good-bye, little boy, don't cry.

NORA O'NEAL.

Oh! I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
And I sigh for one glance of your eye,
For sure there's a charm, love, about you,
Whenever I know you are nigh.
Like the beam of the star when 'tis smiling,
Is the glance which your eye can't conceal,
And your voice is so sweet and beguiling,
That I love you, sweet Nora O'Neal.
Oh! don't think that ever I'll doubt you,
My love I will never conceal;
Oh! I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal.

CHORUS—

Oh! don't think that ever I'll doubt you,
My love I will never conceal;
Oh! I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal.

Oh! the nightingale sings in the wild-wood,
As if every note that he knew
Was learned from your sweet voice in childhood,
To remind me, sweet Nora, of you.
But I think, love, so often about you,
And you don't know how happy I feel,
But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling, sweet Nora O'Neal.

Oh! why should I weep tears of sorrow?
Or why to let hope lose its place?
Won't I meet you, my darling, to-morrow,
And smile on your beautiful face?
Will you meet me? O, say, will you meet me,
With a kiss at the foot of the lane?
And I'll promise whenever you greet me,
That I'll never be lonely again.

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WHEN THE SNOW BEGINS TO FALL.

Now the rosy lips of Nature
Kiss the fresh and frosty breeze,
While she paints the woods in colors
And the leaves drop from the trees,
Soon to leave their naked branches
Clinging to their trunks so tall,
By the merry birds deserted,
When the snow begins to fall.

And the roses and the flowers
That have grown so fresh and fair,
Like so many summer jewels
Breathing perfume on the air,
Then will turn their faces downward,
As if weeping, one and all,
O'er their happy lives departing,
When the snow begins to fall.

There'll be sorrow in the city,
And sad suffering 'mong the poor,
And the hungry sit and listen
To the wolf's howl at the door;
There'll be homes that will be homeless,
And no joy in Pleasure's hall;
There'll be tears, and sighs, and sadness,
When the snow begins to fall.

But the angels will be watching;
And our Father, He will send
To the poor, the sick and hungry,
One who'll be to them a friend.
He will see that they don't suffer,
For sweet Charity will call,
Delivering His blessings,
When the snow begins to fall.

ONLY A DREAM.

I had a short, sweet dream last night;
An angel fair had found me,
And she surprised me with a kiss,
Then threw her arms around me;
She said she loved me, fond and true,
Then, in a loving manner,
She hugged and kissed me once again,
And left me,—O, Johanna!

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

Oh! sweet is the smile of the beautiful moon,
 As it peeps thro' the curtains of night,
 And the voice of the nightingale singing his tune,
 While the stars seem to smile with delight.
 Old nature now lingers in silent repose,
 And the sweet breath of summer is calm,
 While I sit and I wonder if Shamus e'er knows
 How sad and unhappy I am.

CHORUS—

Oh! Shamus O'Brien, why don't you come home?
 You don't know how happy I'll be;
 I've but one darling wish, and that is that you'd come,
 And for ever be happy with me.

I'll smile when you smile, and I'll weep when you weep,
 I'll give you a kiss for a kiss,
 And all the fond vows that I've made you I'll keep;
 What more can I promise than this?
 Does the sea have such bright and such beautiful charms
 That your heart will not leave it for me?
 Oh! why did I let you get out of my arms,
 Like a bird that was caged and is free?

Oh! Shamus O'Brien I'm loving you yet,
 And my heart is still trusting and kind;
 It was you who first took it, and can you forget?
 That love for another you'd find?

No! No! If you break it with sorrow and pain,
I'll then have a duty to do;
If you'll bring it to me, I will mend it again,
And trust it, dear Shamus, to you.

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OLD HAYSEED'S RAILROAD IDEA OF LIFE.

“Life is like a crooked railroad,
And the engineer is brave,
Who can make a trip successful
From the cradle to the grave.
There are stations all along it,
Where at almost any breath
You'll be ‘flagged’ to stop your engine
By the messenger of Death.
You may run the grades of trouble,
Many days and years of ease,
But Time may have you side-tracked
By the switchmen of disease.
You may cross the bridge of manhood,
Run the tunnel dark of strife,
Having God for your conductor
On the lightning train of life.
Always mindful of instructions,
Watchful duty never lack;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the track.

“Name your engine ‘True Religion,’
When you’re running day or night,
Use the coal of Hope for fuel,
And she’ll always run you right.
You need never fear of sticking
On the up-grades ‘long the road;
If you’ve got Faith for a fireman
You can always pull the load.
You will often find obstructions
By the cunning devil lain,
On a hill, or curve, or trestle,
Where he’ll try to ‘ditch your train.’
But you needn’t fear disaster;
‘Jerk her open! Let her go!’
For the General Superintendent
All his plans will overthrow.
Put your trust in God, and fear not,
Keep a-going, don’t look back;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the track.

“When you’ve made the trip successful,
And you’re at your journey’s end,
You will find the angels waiting
To receive you as a friend.
You’ll approach the Superintendent,
Who is waiting for you now,
With a word of proud promotion,
And a crown to deck your brow.
Never falter in your duty;
Put your faith and trust in Him,

And you'll always find your engine
In the best of running trim.
Ring your bell and blow your whistle!
Never let your courage slack;
Keep your hand upon the throttle
And your eye upon the track."

ANGEL OF MY DREAMS.

Thou whom my heart can love alone,
It is to thee I sing;
I fain would claim thee as mine own,
To thee my love would bring.
If but those soft blue eyes of thine
Would only shed their beams
Across this lonely path of mine,
Sweet angel of my dreams,
Across this lonely path of mine,
Sweet angel of my dreams.

CHORUS—

Sweet angel, sweet angel,
Sweet angel of my dreams;
To love thee is a fault of mine,
Sweet angel of my dreams.

When first I saw thy beauteous face,
So young and yet so fair,
It seemed to me that I could trace
All that was lovely there.

My heart unbarred its every door
And let in love's soft gleams
Until for thee it held no more,
Sweet angel of my dreams,
Until for thee it held no more,
Sweet angel of my dreams.

Thou whom I love so fond, so true,
How happy I would be
If I was loved, or only knew
You had one thought for me.
My heart with all its love is thine,
How strange, yet true, it seems
To love thee is a fault of mine,
Sweet angel of my dreams,
To love thee is a fault of mine,
Sweet angel of my dreams.

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THE NEW WOMAN.

They didn't ride bicycles then,
Or put on men's cravats;
They didn't hug and kiss a dog,
Or wear men's coats and hats.
They didn't grab at foolish fads
In Fashion's giddy whirl,
Nor try to dress and act like men
When grandma was a girl.

“MOLLIE DARLING.”

Won't you tell me, Mollie, darling,
That you love none else but me?
For I love you, Mollie, darling,
You are all the world to me.
O! tell me, darling, that you love me,
Put your little hand in mine,
Take my heart, sweet Mollie, darling,
Say that you will give me thine.

CHORUS—

Mollie, fairest, sweetest, dearest,
Look up, darling, tell me this:
Do you love me, Mollie, darling?
Let your answer be a kiss.

Stars are smiling, Mollie, darling,
Thro' the mystic vail of night;
They seem laughing, Mollie, darling,
While fair Luna hides her light.
O! no one listens but the flowers,
While they hang their heads in shame,
They are modest, Mollie, darling,
When they hear me call your name.

I must leave you, Mollie, darling,
Tho' the parting gives me pain;
When the stars shine, Mollie, darling,
I will meet you here again.

O! good-night, Mollie, good-bye, loved one,
Happy may you ever be,
When you're dreaming, Mollie, darling,
Don't forget to dream of me.

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O'GRADY'S GOAT.

O'Grady lived in Shanty Row;
His neighbors often said
They wished that he would move away,
Or that his goat was dead.
He kept the neighborhood in fear,
And children always vexed,
They couldn't tell just when or where
That goat would pop up next.

CHORUS—

Now you can bet your coat,
That if there's fun afloat,
And there is any devilment
You'll find O'Grady's goat.
With rocks and guns and knives,
Mad husbands and their wives
Have tried most all their lives
To find, and kill O'Grady's goat.

Ould widow Casey stood wan day
 The dirty clothes to rub
 Upon the washboord, whin she dived
 Headforemost o'er the tub.
 She lit upon her back and yelled
 As she was laid out flat:
 "Go git yer goon an' shoot thot baste,
 O'Grady's goat doon that."

Pat Doolan's woife hung out the wash
 Upon the line to dry;
 She wint to take it in at night,
 But stopped to have a cry.
 The sleeves av two rid flannel shirts
 That once were worn by Pat,
 Were chewed off almost to the neck—
 O'Grady's goat doon that.

They had a party at McCune's,
 An' they wor havin' foon,
 Whin suddinly ther was a crash,
 An' ivirybody roon.
 The iseter soup fell an the floor,
 An' nearly drowned the cat;
 The stove was knocked to smithereens—
 O'Grady's goat doon that.

Moike D'yle was coortin' Biddy Shea,
 Both standin' at the gate,
 An' they wor jist about to kiss
 Aich oother sly an' shwate.

They coom togither like two rams,
An' mashed their noses flat;
They niver shpake whin they goes by—
O'Grady's goat doon that.

Folks in O'Grady's neighborhood
All live in fear or fright;
They think it's certain death to go
Around there after night.
An' in their shlape they sees a ghost
Upon the air afloat,
An' wake thimselves by shoutin' out:
"Luck out for Grady's goat."

One winter morning whin the shnow
Was deep upon the ground,
Men, women, children—in a crowd—
Were sad an' shtandin' 'round
The form of wan, cold, stiff an' dead,
An' shtickin' down his throat
Was Mag McGinty's bushtle fast,
That inded Grady's goat.

“COME UNTO ME.”

O Thou Omnipotent, Most High,
I turn to Thee with tearful eye,
And bow me down on trembling knee,
To offer up my prayer to Thee.
I feel I am by sin oppressed,
My weary soul can find no rest,
And now I turn, my Lord, to Thee,
For Thou hast said, “Come unto Me.”

CHORUS—

Before His matchless Throne of Grace
I bow before my Savior's face,
Though sinner in His sight I be,
'Twas Christ that said, “Come unto Me.”

This world hath not a charm for those
Whose hearts are bleeding with their woes,
So full of grief, so dark with sin,
That Heaven lets no sunshine in.
But, Lord, thou knowest how I feel,
I pray Thee hear my sad appeal,
From all my sins O set me free,
For Thou hast said, “Come unto Me.”

SHE WASN'T IN IT.

The trains were rushing reckless to
And coming from the Fair,
They did a smashing business
In collisions, here and there.
George read the papers every day
And thought a chance he saw,
Where he could gladly rid himself
Of his old mother-in-law.

With sweet, persuasive voice and smile
He drew her in his snare,
He bought a ticket up and back
For her to see the Fair.
He took her to the depot and
He put her on the train,
Believing that he'd never see
Her angel face again.

He dreamed that night he saw two trains
Do what they often do—
Play smash with all their passengers
And “she” was “in it,” too.
He heard her yell to him for help!
With fire in her eye,
Then from the wreck he saw her crawl,
Put on white wings and fly.

Next day he picked his paper up,
The first thing that he read,
Was of a railroad accident—
The crippled and the dead.
He couldn't go and tell his wife,
Nor get his heart's consent
To tell her this one was the train
On which her mother went.

“Alas! Alas!” sighed George, “she's gone!
My dear, sweet mother-in-law;
No more I'll hear her angel voice,
Nor see her work her jaw.
It can't be possible!” thought he,
As 'round the house he raved,
“That of so many, many killed,
That she still lives—was saved.”

No sooner had the two trains hit,
And cars were smashed in bits,
A woman crawled out of the wreck,
And gave that railroad “fits.”
She said: “Such reckless foolishness
As this I never saw.”
Then wired George: “A wreck; I'm safe;—
Not in it. Mother-in-law.”

“ANGELS, MEET ME AT THE CROSS ROADS.”

Come down, Gabriel, blow your horn,
 Call me home in de early morn;
 Send de chariot down dis way,
 Come and haul me home to stay.

CHORUS—

O! Angels, meet me at de Cross roads, meet me,
 Angels, meet me at de Cross roads, meet me,
 Angels, meet me at de Cross roads, meet me,
 Don't charge a sinner any toll.

I'se libed for months, an' I'se libed for years,
 Can't get used to my weepin' tears;
 Lost my way on de road in sin,
 Wake up, angels, pass me in.

Plant my foot on de golden rocks,
 Put my money in de mission box;
 When I git dar, an' you hear me call,
 Come on, den, for dar's room for all.

Stand back, sinners, let me pass;
 I see de lane to de house at last;
 Come an' jine wid de angel band,
 We'll all git home to de happy land.

Dem angels ain't got long to wait;
 Dey's standing now at de golden gate;
 When we git dar on de toder shore,
 Dey'll go inside, an' dey'll shet de door.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

O, gracious Lord! stretch forth Thy hand,
And lead me from the path of sin;
I pray Thee give my poor heart strength,
And let Thy glory shine within.
O, cleanse my weak, polluted soul,
And from its sins, Lord, set it free;
Thou knowest how I need Thy help—
I am not what I ought to be.

O, give me power to love Thee more,
And bid my worldly sins depart;
Speak words of promise to my soul,
And give religion to my heart.
I know, dear Lord, Thy blessed Son
Died on the cross for such as me—
O, help me, give me strength to pray—
I am not what I ought to be.

Tear from my heart the bolts that lock
Its fastened doors, inclosing sin,
And let Thy sweet, redeeming love
Like beams of glory shine therein.
I look to Thee with pitying eye,
And plead for grace on bended knee;
Have mercy on my sinful soul—
I am not what I ought to be.

Dear Lord, wipe from my soul my shame;
 My every thought and act control;
 Grant me forgiveness for my sin;
 Have mercy, Lord, upon my soul.
 I am unworthy of Thy love—
 I am unfit Thy child to be;
 O, take me, sinner as I am,
 And make me what I ought to be.

DOWN BY THE DEEP SAD SEA.

Down by the deep sad sea,
 Down where the sea gulls roam,
 I wander on the rock-bound shore,
 Where stood my boyhood's home.
 But years have changed those happy scenes
 That once were dear to me,
 For all I loved in life now sleep
 Down by the deep sad sea.
 For all I loved in life now sleep
 Down by the deep sad sea.

CHORUS—

O, the sea, the sad, sad sea,
 O, the sea, the deep blue sea,
 My love, to thee,
 I'd give the world to live again
 Down by the deep sad sea.

Down by the deep sad sea,
Evening shades draw nigh,
I gaze upon its bosom soft
With sad and tearful eye,
And mein'ry takes its wayward flight
To scenes that used to be,
And leaves me sitting lone and sad
Down by the deep sad sea.
And leaves me sitting lone and sad
Down by the deep sad sea.

Down by the dear old sea
Morning sweetly smiles;
I see the white sails flitting
Across its breast for miles.
The playful white caps chase and leap
Each other in their glee;
O, when I die here let me rest,
Down by the dear old sea.
O, when I die here let me rest,
Down by the dear old sea.

OLD-FASHIONED ROSES ARE SWEETEST.

The moon in its beauty was beaming,
The stars from the bright sky were shining,
And the birds in their nest-homes were dreaming,
The streamlet its music was chiming.
I met Nellie walking alone in the lane,
The nightingale chorus did greet us,
When she gave me a rose with a kiss as she said,
"The old-fashioned roses are sweetest."

CHORUS—

Nellie, my darling, my only true love,
Your form is the fairest and neatest;
And I'll always remember, when walking thro' life,
That the old-fashioned roses are sweetest.

I told her good-bye, I must leave her,
She said she would love me the better,
That the parting alone would not grieve her,
If I'd send her my love in a letter.
When we parted that night she said she would write,
That our loves and our lives would be fleetest,
Till we meet soon again, and we'd walk down the lane
Where the old-fashioned roses are sweetest.

I'LL REMEMBER YOU, LOVE, IN MY PRAYERS.

When the curtains of night are pinned back by the stars,
And the beautiful moon leaps the skies,
And the dewdrops of Heaven are kissing the rose,
It is then that my memory flies,
As if on the wings of some beautiful dove,
In haste with the message it bears
To bring you a kiss of affection and say,
"I remember you, love, in my prayers."

CHORUS—

Go where you will—on land or at sea—
I'll share all your sorrows and cares;
And at night, when I kneel by my bedside and pray,
I'll remember you, love, in my prayers.

I have loved you too fondly to ever forget
The love you have spoken for me,
And the kiss of affection still warm on my lips
When you told me how true you would be.
I know not if Fortune be fickle or friend,
Or if time on your memory wears;
I know that I love you wherever you roam,
And remember you, love, in my prayers.

When heavenly angels are guarding the good,
As God has ordained them to do,
In answer to prayers I have offered to Him,
I know there is one watching you;

And may its bright spirit be with you through life
 To guide you up Heaven's bright stairs,
 And meet with the one who has loved you so true,
 And remembered you, love, in her prayers.

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THE WANDERING REFUGEE.

Farewell mother, home and friends,
 We may never meet again;
 Soon 'mid strangers I must roam,
 Oh! the parting gives me pain.
 Tho' I wander far away,
 Lonely o'er life's stormy sea,
 Who will shed one gentle tear
 For a wand'ring refugee?
 Who will shed one gentle tear
 For a wand'ring refugee?

CHORUS—

Mother, oh, farewell!
 I must go, I'll think of thee;
 Oh! Mother, I must leave thee now,
 I'm a wand'ring refugee.

Farewell sunny, Southern home,
 Home I always loved so true;
 Oft' will tear-drops dim mine eyes,
 When my memory flies to you.

But the happy scenes of yore
I, alas, will never see;
I'll be roaming far away,
A lonely wand'ring refugee,
I'll be roaming far away,
A lonely wand'ring refugee.

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SUSAN JANE.

I went to see my Susan,
She met me at the door,
And told me that I needn't come
To see her any more;
She fell in love with Rufus
Andrew Jackson Payne;
I looked her in the face and said,
“Good-bye, Susan Jane.”

CHORUS—

Oh! Susan Jane!
Oh! Susan Jane!
Oh! Susan, quit your foolin',
And give my heart to me,
Oh, give me back my love again,
And I will let you be;
I used to love you dearly,
I can not love again,
I'm going away to leave you soon,
Good-bye, Susan Jane.

Her mouth was like a cellar,
 Her foot was like a ham,
Her eyes were like an owl's at night,
 Her voice was never calm;
Her hair was short and curly,
 She looked just like a crane,
I've bid farewell to all my love,
 “Good-bye, Susan Jane.”

Oh, Susan's so deceiving,
 She will not do to trust,
I've threaten'd once to leave her,
 And leave her now I must.
I'll never love another
 To cause me any pain;
I've trusted her, and all the girls
 Are just like Susan Jane.

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TO EMMA.

In every happy dream of mine
 An angel face I see;
I hear a voice, soft, low and sweet,
 Breathe words of love to me.
I've wondered oft when I'm awake
 If this fair one I knew,
And found the “angel of my dreams”
 Was you, Emma—you.

DRIVEN FROM HOME.

Out in this cold world, out in the street,
Asking a penny of each one I meet;
Shoeless I wander about thro' the day,
Wearing my young life in sorrow away.
No one to help me, no one to bless,
No one to pity me, none to caress;
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam,
A child of misfortune, I'm driven from home.

CHORUS—

No one to help me, no one to bless,
No one to pity me, none to caress;
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam,
Nursed by my poverty, driven from home.

The flowers that bloomed that I once loved to see,
Seem bowing their heads as if pitying me;
The music that mingles with voices of mirth
From the windows of pleasure and plenty on earth
Makes me think what it is to be friendless and poor,
And I feel I shall faint when I knock at the door.
Turn a deaf ear, there's no one will come
To help a poor wanderer, driven from home.

O where shall I go, or what can I do?
I've no one to tell me what course to pursue;
I'm weary and foot-sore, I'm hungry and weak,
I know not what shelter to-night I may seek.

The friend of all friends, who rules earth and sea,
Will look with a pitying eye upon me;
I'll wander about till His messenger comes
To lead me to father and mother at home.

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THE WIDOW'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

The flickering lamp its dim rays shed
 And shadows weird and gloom,
Like silent specters of the night,
 Were cast about the room.
And mournful sobs and bitter sighs
 Were heard around the bed
Of one whose soul had gone to rest,
 A husband, father—dead.

The wife—a faithful, loving wife—
 So kind, so true, so good,
Who nursed him with such tender care,
 Beside his bedside stood.
And, as she looked through tearful eyes,
 His cold, pale face to see,
She moaned with trembling lips, “My God!
 What will become of me?”

Her little darlings clustered 'round
 The form of him who slept;
They cried because their mother cried
 And wept because she wept.

Too young to know the loss of him
 Whose soul had gone above,
 And left them to the care of God,
 Blessed by a mother's love.

Then one by one she held them up
 In one long, sweet embrace,
 That they might take the last sad look
 Of their dead father's face.
 She kissed each little one "Good-night!"
 Then put them all to bed,
 And in the silent midnight gloom
 Watched o'er their father,—dead.

It was a sad, sad scene to see
 That wife and mother keep
 Her lonely watch. It was enough
 To make the angels weep
 And pity that sad mother, who,
 With little children four,
 Was left alone in this cold world,
 On Christmas eve, and—poor.

Four little disappointed hearts
 Had gone to bed with sighs,
 And gentle slumber sealed in sleep
 Their weary tear-dimmed eyes.
 Kriss Kringle had no gifts for them,
 He had the year before,
 For Death had beat him to their home
 And tied crape on the door.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Both Time and Age, like cronies old,
Have come one hundred years,
And with them Life and Death have brought
Their pleasures and their tears;
And of the generation now,
How few there are who know
That things aren't like they used to be
One hundred years ago.

Then girls were girls, and boys were boys,
A babe was not a "kid,"
They didn't act as if they knew
More than their parents did.
They had no railroads, telegraphs,
And things went rather slow,
But people got on all the same
One hundred years ago.

Then people lived to good old age,
And honest all their lives,
No "dudes" to suck at cigarettes,
And no "dudeens" for wives.
The young folks loved each other true,
Each sweetheart had her beau;
They married then for love, not gold,
One hundred years ago.

They had no seminaries then,
Nor big, fine, fancy schools,
Nor lunatic asylums filled
With crazy folks and fools.

The women folks had common sense,
And men were statesmen, though
The country lacks now what they had
One hundred years ago.

They had no electricity,
And few inventions then;
The wives were helpmates—not help-eats,
Their husbands honest men.
They'd ask a blessing when they'd eat,
And read a verse or so,
To please the Lord and give Him thanks,
One hundred years ago.

When people went to church those days
They walked—they didn't ride;
They didn't go there all puffed up
With vanity and pride;
And everybody sung in church
And prayed with heads bent low; .
They didn't do as we do now,
One hundred years ago.

So Time and Age in endless flight
Along Life's track may move,
The genius of inventive mind
May men and things improve,
But the mule will always be a mule,
For Nature made him so;
He kicks to-day just like he kicked
One hundred years ago.

AUNT JANE AND UNCLE JIM.

The drapery of night was hung across the face of day,
The nightingale was singing sweet the happy hours away,
The silent owl sat on a limb, winked slyly at the moon,
And angels used the stars for windows listening to his tune.

All nature seemed to wrap itself up in a sweet repose,
The dewdrops shone like diamonds on the flower and the
rose,
The clover blossoms' rich perfume was floating on the air,
And little stars smiled as they saw the picture then and there.

Across the meadow, through the woods, there flowed a
rippling stream,
Whose murmuring echoes sounded like sweet music in a
dream,
That floated through the moonshine in a soft and sweet re-
frain,
And joined the voices coming from the cowbells in the lane.

The birds grew tired of singing when the evening shadows
fell,
And sheep and lambs were resting in the meadow and the
dell,
The blades of moonlight darted through the woods among
the trees,
And the leaves were dancing lightly on the bosom of the
breeze.

There stood the old stone spring-house, too, its brown
crocks on the floor,
A little stream was rippling from beneath its oaken door,
And now and then an echo came, that lovely night in June,
When Uncle Jim's old dog would bark loud at the passing
moon.

And, sitting in the shadows of a dense and quiet wood,
Upon the hillside, near the lane, an old log cabin stood;
A light stole from the window of a candle burning dim,
And near a table sat two souls—Aunt Jane and Uncle Jim.

Long, long before “ole marse an’ miss” were laid down in
their graves,
Aunt Jane and Uncle Jim lived there when they were
happy slaves;
An’ when “de ole man” knew that he must die he sent for
Jim,
And told him he would leave that dear old cabin home to
him.

The war came on, they lived there still, ‘way down in Ten-
nessee,
And when the voice of Peace was heard, Aunt Jane and
Jim were free.
They’ve lived there ever since without a sorrow or regret,
For they were both contented then, and they are happy yet.

Old Jim could read a little bit, and on that happy night
He read the Bible, stopping now and then to “snuff de light;”

He read a chapter through, and then they both sang loud
and free:
“Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, to save a soul like
me.”

Then after singing they knelt down and closed their dim
old eyes,
And Uncle Jim sent home a prayer to Him beyond the
skies—
A prayer of thanks to God for all the blessings He did
send,
While Jane would sanction all he said with “bress de Lawd,
—Amen!”

It was just such a prayer of thanks, from hearts of love and
true,
And one that always pleases God to smile and listen to—
A prayer sent up from grateful souls to Him who rules
above,
Which two old honest negroes sent to Him on wings of
love.

The light went out, and all was hushed except the rippling
streams
That helped the nightingale to add sweet music to the
dreams
Of old Aunt Jane and Uncle Jim, who slept in peace and
love—
The sleep that only Christians know and cometh from
above—

Some day there'll be two happy souls on earth no longer
roam,
They'll bid farewell to all life's scenes and their old cabin
home—
The home they dearly loved so long and lived in from their
birth,
To find another one up there, worth all the homes on earth.

Some day they'll knock at heaven's gate, and each a crown
will win,
The Lord will send the angels fair to go and let them in
And lead them to the Throne of Grace, to stand in front of
Him,
While He will welcome home two souls—Aunt Jane and
Uncle Jim.

A MOTHER'S TEARS.

Not all the flowers that bloom on earth,
Nor roses sweet from friends most dear,
Can bring a loved one back again,
Or stay a mother's parting tear.
God, look in sweet compassion down
From heaven, where the angels live,
And bless that weeping mother who
Had tears instead of flowers to give.

THAT COTTAGE HOME OF DAN'S.

When the evening shadows gather,
Like the curtains of the night,
And the twinkling stars assemble,
With their faces fair and bright,
And the moon in all her beauty
And her splendor mounts the skies,
You would think the stars a-winking
Were a lot of angels' eyes—
Then there's silence in the city,
For the busy day is done,
And to many evening's pleasures
In their homes have just begun—
There's a certain sweet contentment,
And a pleasure that is man's,
In the happy family circle
In that cottage home of Dan's

When his daily toil is ended,
And he turns from work to roam
To his faithful wife and loved ones,
Then his heart is in his home.
With his empty dinner bucket,
And a smile upon his face,
He'll be kissed by all the children,
And he'll get a wife's embrace.
His home's his earthly heaven,
When he reaches it at night,
And his wife and little loved ones
Are its angels fair and bright;

And he lives a life contented,
And he wouldn't change its plans,
For there's joy and love and pleasure
In that cottage home of Dan's.

He is only a mechanic,
But he whistles and he sings,
And his heart, when he is working,
Is as happy as a king's;
And his home's the little cottage
On an unpretending street,
But the inside of it's cozy,
Looking tidy, clean and neat.
He is sober, honest, steady,
And with life he is content,
For he makes his wife his banker,
And she's saving, to a cent,
That no "rainy days" may catch them
Unprepared for ills of life—
Ah! a king in all his glory
Would be proud of such a wife.
Would it were that God and Nature
Could arrange such pleasant plans
As to make all homes as happy
As that cottage home of Dan's.

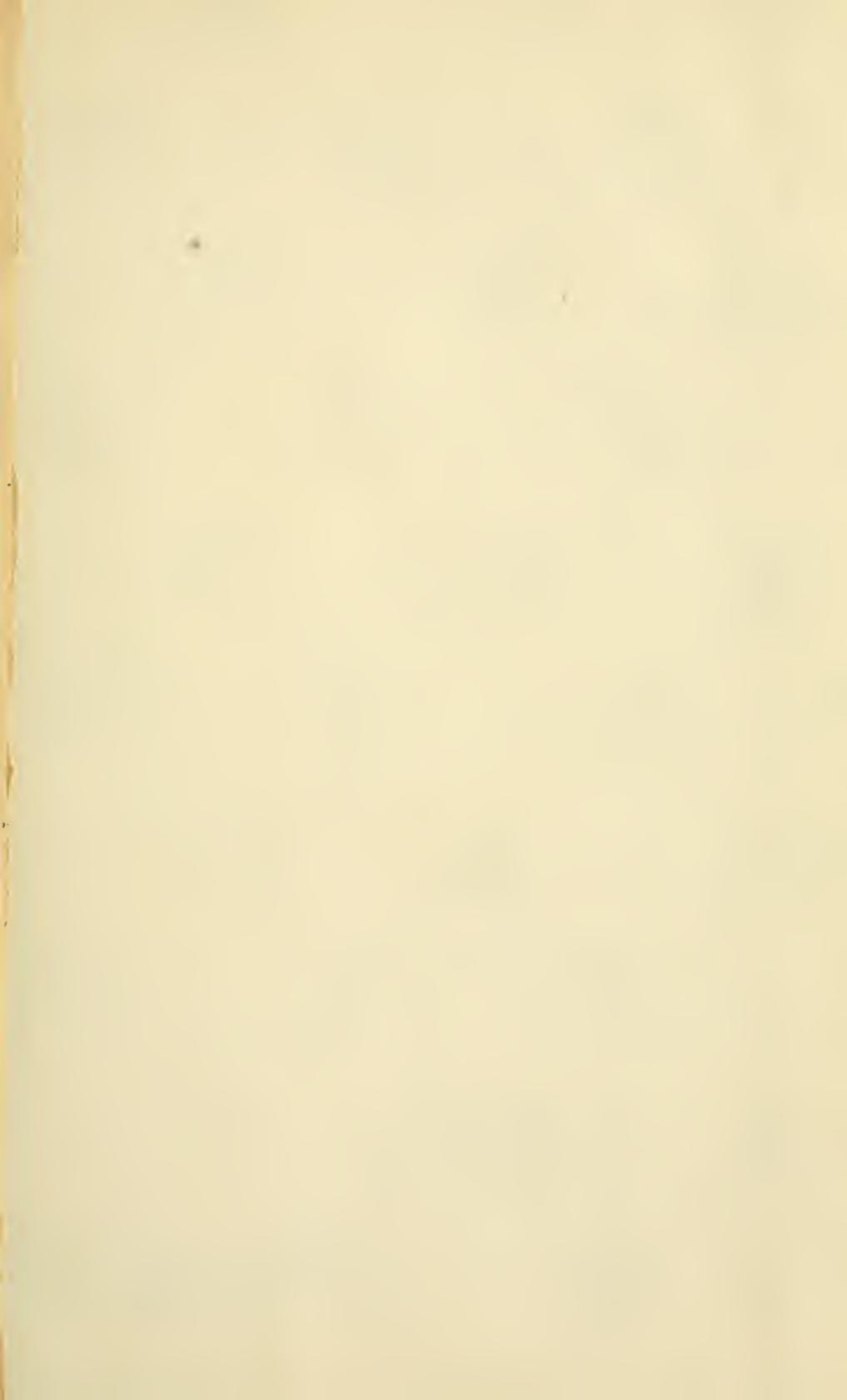
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